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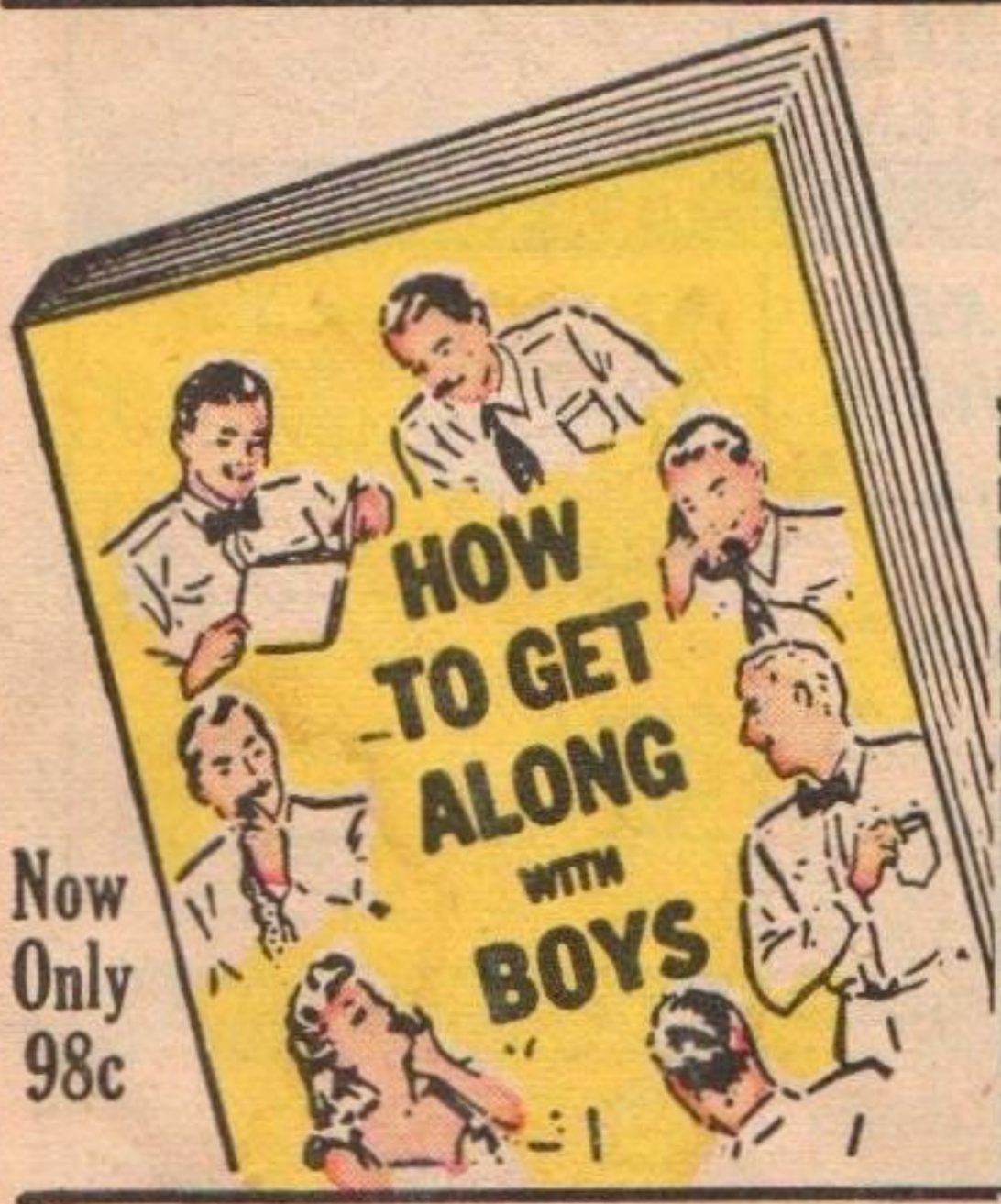

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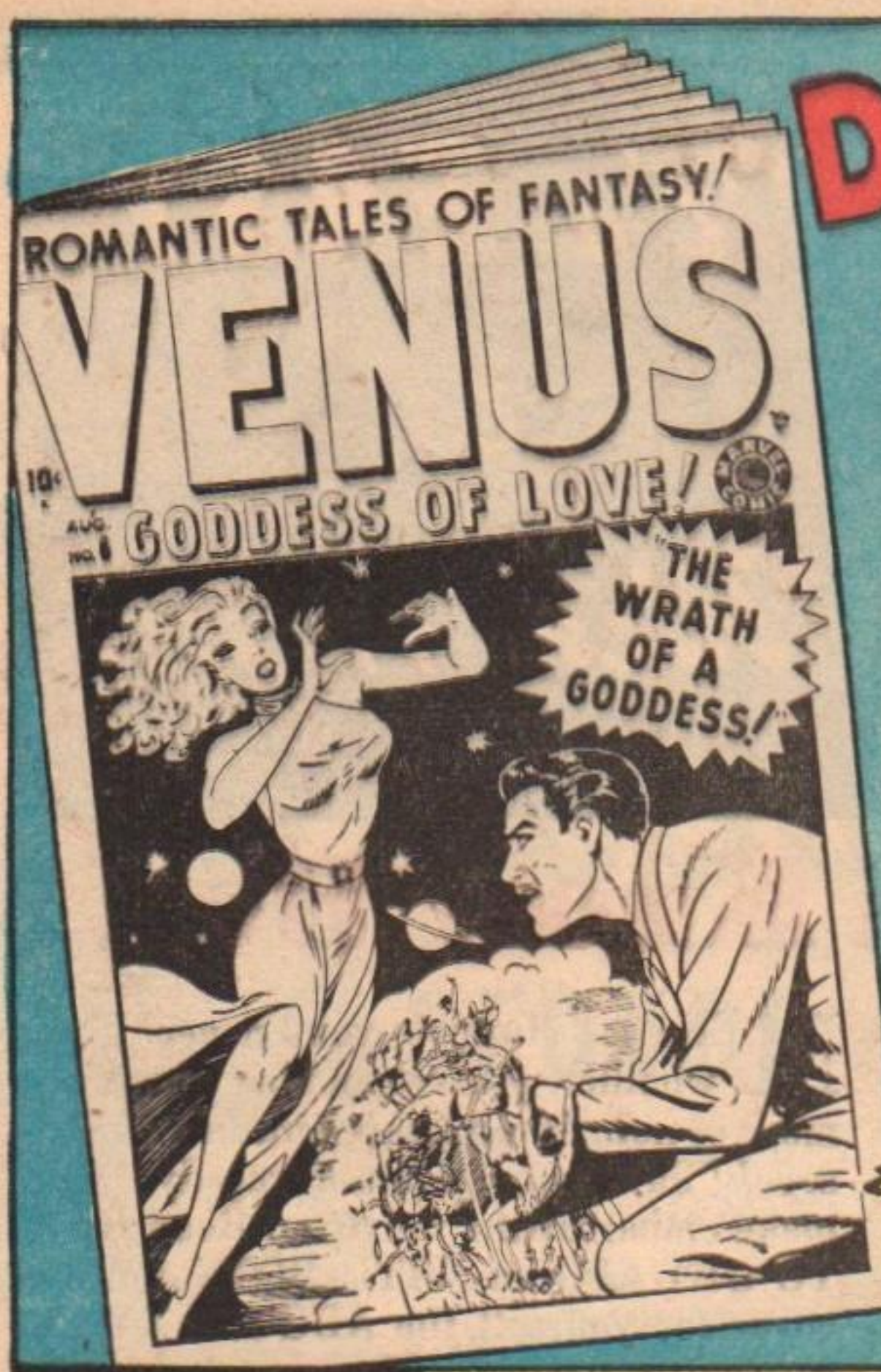

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Miss America

TABLE OF CONTENTS

FICTION

"THE CASE OF THE YELLOW JACKET....14
by TRIPP HAMMOND

"THEY'RE YOURS DARLING".....26
by WYN ALFORD

"DOUBLE HEART TROUBLE".....34
by JEAN ATKINS

COMICS

PATSY WALKER
"ROMANCE IS WHERE YOU FIND IT".....6

ROMANCE
"TEACHER STEPS OUT".....20

PATSY WALKER
"THE STRANGE SURPRISE".....40

FEATURES

STICH'N TIME.....19

CHARM.....32

GIRLS ONLY.....38

WHIZZ QUIZZ....48

Please secure your copy of MISS AMERICA from your favorite newsdealer, as we are not in a position to accept any more new or renewal subscriptions until further notice.

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FOOD FOR FUN

HOLLYWOOD HAMBURGERS . . .

It's a ready steady for teen-age star Barbara Bates, currently appearing in the United Artists' "Hal Roach Comedy Carnival". Barbara's favorite dish is that good old staple, the hamburger.

Here's how for two:

½ lb. ground beef chuck
2 tablespoonfuls butter, or fortified margarine
½ cup catchup
1 tsp. prepared mustard
4 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
1 tsp. salt
2 tbs. lemon juice
¼ cup water

Barbara forms the meat into 4 patties, handling as little as possible. She browns them ever so lightly in butter. Then she takes all the remaining ingredients, the catchup, the mustard, Worcestershire sauce, etc., puts them in the pan, and stirs all together. Then she spoons this tasty sauce over the hamburgers. Covers it and lets simmer for 3 or 4 minutes to taste.

COOKIE CLASSIC . . .

Time to stock up the cookie jar! These "Black and White" specials are just the thing for just about everything—from that unexpected gathering to a super-duper celebration.

TRUE OR FALSE?

Good everyday health rules will help you breeze through "those days"

TRUE. Glowing good health, through proper diet, sleep, exercise and posture habits, will pay off in a feeling of well-being that certain time of the month. (And make you look prettier *all* the time.)

That's good advice, and there's plenty more where it came from . . . the friendly little Modess book called "Growing Up and Liking It."

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Tall girls need Super-size napkins

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PATSY WALKER

PATSY, WOULD YOU HELP ME GET OUR BEST CHINAWARE DOWN FROM THE CUPBOARD!

SURE, MOTHER!

"ROMANCE IS WHERE YOU FIND IT!"

5545

BUT WE NEVER USE THIS CHINA EXCEPT FOR SUPER-COLOSSAL OCCASIONS! WHAT'S UP?

YOUR FATHER HAS INVITED SOME VERY DISTINGUISHED BUSINESS ACQUAINTANCES FOR DINNER! IT WILL BE A BIG EVENT!

BE A MODERN '49er — BUY UNITED STATES SAVINGS BONDS

NOT FOR ME! DAD'S BUSINESS FRIENDS ARE USUALLY SUCH STUFFED SHIRTS!

THAT'S NOT FAIR, PATSY!

I'D RATHER GO TO A MOVIE! WHO'S GOING TO BE HERE THIS TIME?

MR. RILEY, MR. KEMP, MR. BETTLE, MR. GULCH, AND... LET'S SEE... I *KNOW* THERE ARE TWO MORE...

NEVER MIND THE OTHERS! THAT LIST IS DULL ENOUGH!

OH! I REMEMBER NOW--MR. SLOAN AND HIS SON, JIMMY!

WHAT? THAT HANDSOME JIMMY SLOAN! WHEE...! WHAT A WONDERFUL PARTY!

I THOUGHT YOU'D RATHER GO TO A MOVIE!

NOT WHEN I'VE BEEN TRYING TO MEET JIMMY SLOAN FOR MONTHS... AND NOW I HAVE THE CHANCE! YIPPEE!

PATSY, I'M SORRY, BUT I'M AFRAID YOU'LL HAVE TO GO TO A MOVIE ANYWAY!

WHAT!!! BUT WHY?

I HAVE ONLY ENOUGH CHINAWARE FOR EIGHT PEOPLE-- YOU'D BE THE NINTH!

AWW...GEE WHILLIKINS!

GOLLY! I'M JUST DYING TO MEET JIMMY SLOAN! IF ONLY THERE WEREN'T SO MANY GUESTS!

THAT'S IT! I'LL GET RID OF ONE OF THE GUESTS! BUT WHO, AND HOW? HMMMMMM...

OH, MARY... DON'T FORGET TO PREPARE ONLY VEGETABLES FOR MR. GULCH! HE'S A VERY STRICT VEGETARIAN!

YES, DEAR!

GULAN... GULB ... AH, HERE IT IS ... JEREMIAH GULCH... RIVER 3-6422!

3

HELLO... YES, THIS IS MR. GULCH!

THIS IS MISS WALKER! I, JUST WANTED TO ASK HOW YOU'D LIKE YOUR ROAST PORK TONIGHT?

ROAST PORK? GAD, NO! I NEVER EAT MEAT!

I'M SORRY, SIR... BUT THAT'S ALL WE HAVE! IF YOU WON'T EAT MEAT-- YOU WON'T EAT!

THEN COUNT ME OUT! GOOD-BYE! (CLICK!)

OH!

OH, MOTHER! I JUST SPOKE TO MR. GULCH ON THE PHONE... HE SAID HE ISN'T COMING TO-NIGHT!

TOO BAD, BUT I'M REALLY GLAD IT HAPPENED!

YOU MEAN BECAUSE NOW I CAN BE HERE!

NO, THAT'S NOT IT...

...I BROKE A DISH--AND WOULD HAVE HAD TO FIGURE OUT HOW TO GET RID OF SOMEONE, ANYWAY!

OH!

OF ALL THE LUCK! BUT I CAN'T GIVE UP! I'VE GOT TO WORK ON SOMEONE ELSE!

OH, BY THE WAY, MARY, I MUST TIP YOU OFF ABOUT MR. BETTLE!

?

HE'S A HYPOCHONDRIAC... ALWAYS THINKS HE'S GOING TO CATCH SOME DISEASE! BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU SAY TO HIM!

HELLO, IS THIS MR. BETTLE?

YES...WHO ARE YOU?

I'M MISS WALKER (COUGH! COUGH!) I'M CALLING TO (HAACK! COUGH!) ASK YOU (COUGH!) WHAT TIME YOU'LL BE HERE! (COUGH!) (SNEEZE! WHEEZE!)

YOU SOUND AS IF YOU'RE ILL...

OH (COUGH!) IT'S NOTHING... IT'S PROBABLY JUST A TOUCH OF (COUGH!) FLU... (COUGH!)

I DON'T KNOW WHAT TIME I CAN COME--BUT I'LL CALL BACK AND LET YOU KNOW!

THANK YOU! GOOD-BYE! (COUGH! COUGH!)

MARY, MR. BETTLE JUST CALLED AND SAID HE COULDN'T MAKE IT!

WHOOPEE! NOW I CAN GO!

...SO HE'S SENDING HIS SECRETARY INSTEAD!

YIPE!

LATER...

HI, PATSY! YOUR MOM TOLD ME ALL ABOUT THE DINNER PARTY! HOW ABOUT GOING TO A SHOW WITH ME?

OH, I GUESS SO!

YOU DON'T SOUND VERY ENTHUSIASTIC!

FRANKLY, I'M NOT! I THINK A PERSON SHOULD AT LEAST BE INVITED TO DINNER IN HER OWN HOME!

YOU NEVER CARED FOR BUSINESS TALK BEFORE!

WELL...I DO NOW! AFTER ALL, IT'S NICE TO MEET CULTURED BUSINESS PEOPLE ONCE IN A WHILE!

BE A MODERN '49er — BUY UNITED STATES SAVINGS BONDS

WELL, IF IT MEANS THAT MUCH TO YOU, I'LL FIX IT SO THAT YOU CAN GO TO THIS DINNER!

HAH! I'VE TRIED EVERYTHING! THERE JUST ISN'T ROOM FOR ONE MORE!

LATER...

PATSY, YOU CAN COME TO DINNER TONIGHT, IF YOU WISH!

WHAT? HOW WONDERFUL! BUZZ *DID* IT!

I MUST CALL HIM UP AND THANK THE DEAR, SWEET, INGENIOUS BOY!

NOW I CAN BE WITH JIMMY!

BUT, BUZZ, HOW DID YOU EVER DO IT?

SIMPLE, HONEY BUN! I JUST GOT RID OF ONE THE GUESTS! LET ME TELL YOU THE WHOLE STORY!

...AND HE AGREED! SO YOU SEE... HUH?!

...BUZZ BAXTER, YOU'RE AWFUL! IF I NEVER SEE YOU AGAIN, IT'LL BE TOO SOON! GOOD-BYE!

Y'KNOW, JIMMY, GIRLS ARE STRANGE PEOPLE! AFTER I WENT TO THE TROUBLE OF TALKING YOU OUT OF GOING TO THAT DINNER, SO PATSY COULD GO, INSTEAD OF THANKING ME--SHE INSULTS ME!

WELL, WHADDAYA KNOW!

THE END

like steppin' on a cloud

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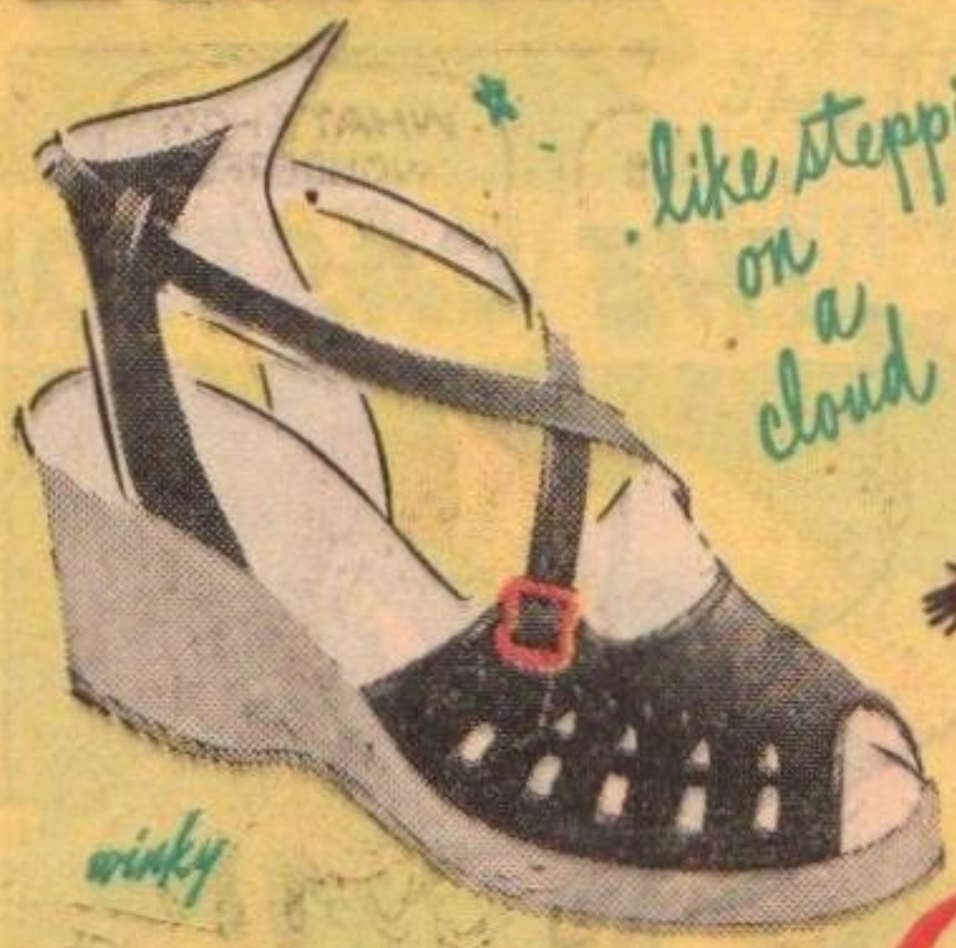

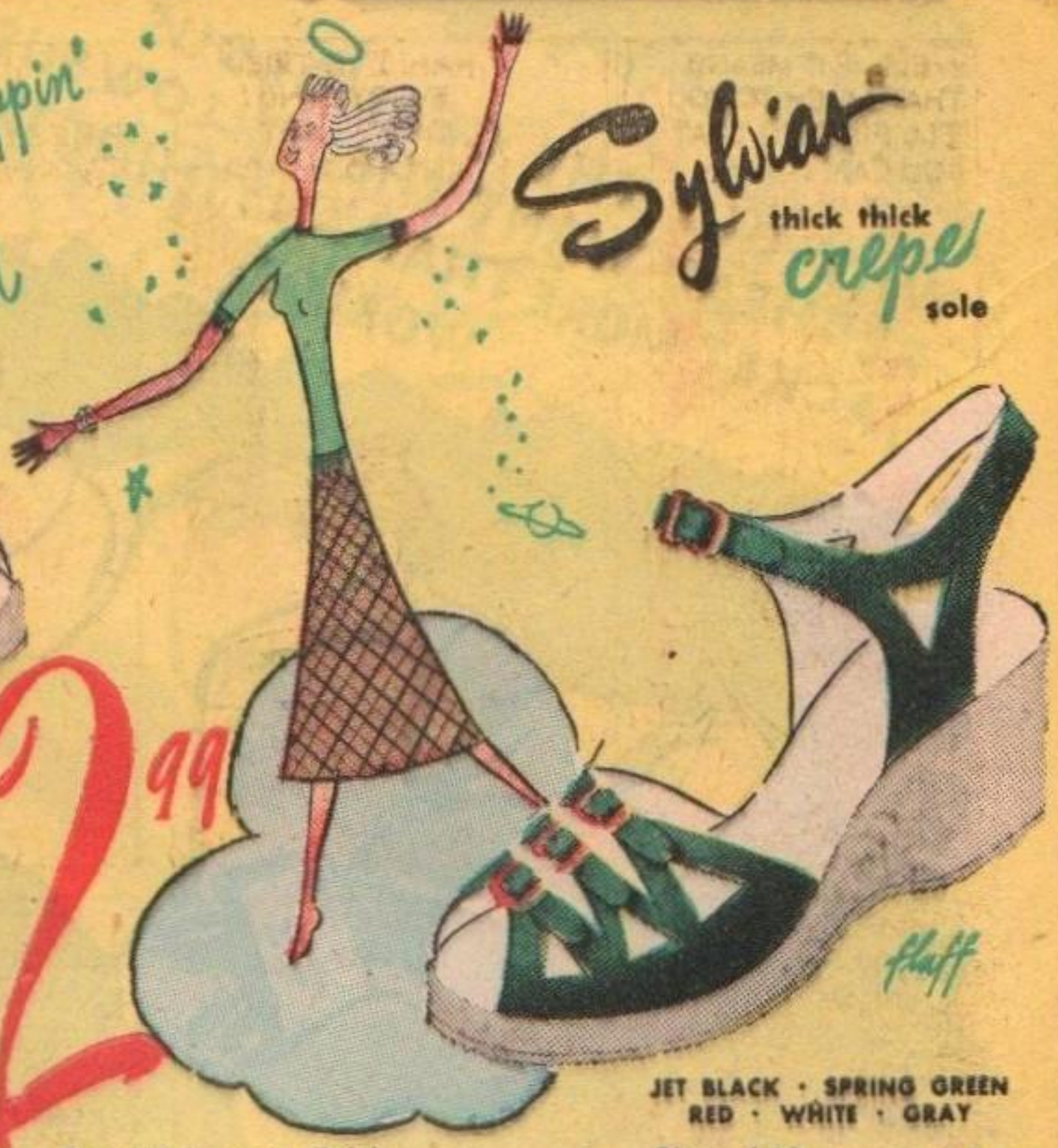

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FOOD FOR FUN

PICKLE PRANKS . . .

The crisper the pickles, the better they are, but they've got to be crunchy to be good! Try this recipe to pep them up.

Slice three dill pickles *very thin*, and put them in a jar.

Mix together ½ of a cup of vinegar, one cup of brown sugar and one teaspoon of celery salt. Heat this syrup, and pour it over the pickles. Add two tablespoons of olive oil to the jar of pickles, but don't mix it in. The oil will act as a seal. Place a lid on the jar and keep it in the icebox for a week before serving.

ITALIAN INTRIGUE . . .

For an old-world dish with new-world zip, try this recipe called GNOCCHI ROMANA.

Boil 3 cups of milk with a little salt and a dash of nutmeg. Add 1 cup yellow corn meal, a little at a time, so as not to halt the boiling. Stir with a whip or a wooden spoon and let cook for 20 minutes.

Then thicken with the beaten yolks of 2 eggs and spread out on a buttered pan to quarter-inch thickness. When cool, cut with a round cookie cutter—a two-inch one is best.

Place these rounds in a buttered serving dish and sprinkle them well with grated Parmesan cheese, dot with butter and brown quickly under the broiler. Serve with tomato sauce, made according to the directions on a can of real tomato paste.

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THE YELLOW JACKET!

by Tripp Hammond

THE suede jacket was dazzling, but Spank didn't notice me. He was sprawled on our sofa studying how to be a detective.

"How do I look in yellow?" I asked.

He grunted without looking up.

"That does it, Spank Fallon," I said to myself. "I'm through being taken for granted. Get someone else to play detective with you. *You've* got competition!"

This was Friday, the night we always went to the movies. I'd never dated anyone except Spank, but in two hours I'd be attending a formal country club dance with Colin Craig. Colin was a boy from the north side I'd met last week. He *appreciated* me. Still, I hesitated to tell Spank about him—but only because Spank's family was away and our broken date would mean another evening alone for him. "Tori Philips," I said to myself, "Spank *needs* a jolt. Tell him!"

But Spank spoke first. "Something's eating you," he said, sitting up. "You mentioned clothes, so it's about that." His brow wrinkled then cleared. "You're going to needle me again about wearing a tuxedo to the Junior Prom. Right?"

"Wrong." Now was the time to tell him, I knew, but he looked so crestfallen I just couldn't bring myself to do it.

"I wouldn't wear one of those sissy things anyway," he sulked.

My hand had slipped through a hole in a pocket of the jacket and touched something. It was an ear clip made of imitation pearls. Suddenly, I had an idea. "Spank, look what I found in this jacket," I heard myself saying. "And these pearls are *genuine!*"

He jumped up. "Who does it belong to?"

I shrugged. "You're the detective," I reminded him.

He trembled with excitement. "A real case!" he exclaimed. "Tori, let me examine that jacket for clues."

Funny about the jacket. I'd bought it last year as a present for my cousin, Sally Hobart. Sally goes to school on the north side. When she fell in love with a basketball player, she became a cheerleader. Their cheerleaders wore green skirts and yellow jackets, hence my present. But later on, Sally switched to a tennis player and dropped cheering. Yellow didn't flatter her, so she sent the jacket to the charity bazaar. This noon I'd been shopping at the bazaar and saw the jacket. I bought it right away because yellow goes well with my black hair. The earring in the pocket was probably Sally's, but "detecting" should keep Spank busy for a few days—especially since Sally was away and wouldn't be back until Sunday. In the meantime, I'd be free to see Colin.

"The owner of this jacket," Spank stated matter-of-factly, "is a wealthy redheaded girl about an inch taller than you."

I smiled. Sally has light *brown* hair, she's slightly *smaller* than I, and she's *not* wealthy. "How do you deduce that?" I asked.

"Elementary," he said smugly. "See this smear of lipstick? Only a redhead would wear that shade."

True—but a dozen women at the bazaar must have looked at the jacket before I bought it. One of them got lipstick on it.

"These finger marks at the bottom," Spank continued, "mean that she kept pulling the jacket down because it was too small. The jacket fits you, so its owner is taller."

Of course Sally would have kept pulling it down as the contortions of cheerleading made it ride up.

"And only a wealthy girl could afford such a jacket for casual wear," Spank concluded.

Twenty minutes later, Spank and I were back at the bazaar. Mrs. Hendrich, who had sold me the jacket, had left for the day. We were told, however, that there was no possible way of identifying the jacket's donor.

Then Spank said he'd check to see if anyone had advertised for a pearl ear clip. "Do you mind if we skip the movies tonight while I work on this case?" he asked.

My idea had worked! Back home I put on my new formal. It was the first I'd ever had, simply because Spank thought evening clothes were sissy. Colin looked like no sissy in his dinner jacket. He brought me a corsage of luscious gardenias—the only flowers Spank had ever sent me were sweet peas his mother had chosen. "Princess," Colin breathed when I floated up to him, "you remind me of fresh violets and rich cream." I felt myself blushing at his stare of frank admiration.

At the country club, Colin scowled at any boy who approached our table. "I discovered you, princess," he said, holding me too close while we were dancing, "and I won't share you with these wolves." He kept wanting us to go on the terrace for a breath of fresh air, but the ballroom was air-conditioned and I managed to stay inside.

On the porch back home, he grabbed my hands. "I've got to see you again soon, princess," he declared. "How about tomorrow night?"

I hesitated. The evening had been fun, and it was pleasant having an attentive date, but . . .

"We can go to the Fountain Roof," Colin added.

That was our town's swankiest night spot, and I'd have another chance to wear my formal. "All right," I agreed, and ducked inside to escape his overeager gratitude.

Spank was on our couch when I returned from school the next day. "No luck with the papers," he said. "The owner of that clip hasn't advertised."

"Are you giving up?" I asked.

"No," he said. "I still have a few leads, but they'll keep me busy over the weekend."

"I have a few things to do myself," I said.

"Good," he said and stood up. He threw me the yellow jacket. "I won't need the jacket any more, but I'll keep the pearl clip."

I was thrilled with the Fountain Roof. Why hadn't Spank ever brought me here? It had such a dignified atmosphere that Colin didn't dare dance too close, and there was no deserted terrace. "The trouble with this place is that it's too public," he complained. "I'll have to teach you to dislike crowds."

After the floor show, I went to the powder room and when I returned, the dancing had started

again. As I made my way back, I stopped suddenly and gasped in disbelief. Standing on the edge of the dance floor was Spank—tall and graceful in a dinner jacket. Clinging to him dreamily was a girl. She was redheaded, about an inch taller than I, and her black satin gown must have cost a fortune. Then I saw the ear clip, the one I'd found in the pocket of the yellow jacket. She was wearing not one, but *two* of them; therefore, this red-haired girl must be the real owner. In a flash, I knew that the pearls were real, too. Spank's deductions had been correct and he had found the owner! But he *couldn't* be right!. I must be imagining things . . .

The music stopped and the couples began to move off the floor. I stood rooted to the same spot. Spank, with the red-haired girl clinging to his arm, was coming directly toward me. There was a moment of tense silence as they stood in front of me. Then the girl said in a soft, husky voice, "I'll wait for you at the table, Spank." She disappeared.

I shook my head. "I can't believe it," I said. "How did you find her?"

"I had her description and knew she was wealthy," he said, "so I went to the two best beauty parlors in town. The second one had a customer who answered the description. When they said the lipstick on the jacket was her shade, I knew I was on the right track."

"Amazing," I said.

"The owner of this jacket," Spank stated, "is a wealthy redhead about an inch taller than you!"

"Oh, that was simple," he said. "It was much harder to deduce about your going out with another boy because I didn't *want* to believe the obvious facts."

"You knew *that*, too?"

"I figured it out," Spank said calmly. "When you brought home the yellow jacket, you had another box from Willett's Dress Shop. It was too big for a dress. I thought it must contain an evening gown. You wouldn't go out formal alone. The only formal party that night was at the Northside Country Club."

"I suppose you investigated Colin," I said bitingly.

Spank nodded. "He's a popular athlete at Northside High, and they say he's a wolf, so I followed you, just in case."

I stamped my foot in fury. "And just in case you got bored," I said, "you brought along that red-haired vampire!"

Spank blushed. "I couldn't come here without a date," he said. "Tori, you haven't had much experience with men, going around with me all the time. I have to watch out for you—"

"Hah!" I laughed. "I saw you with that hussy! You couldn't look at anyone but her." I stamped my foot again. "If she can get you into a dinner jacket when I've tried unsuccessfully for two years, she deserves you. Go back to her," I said. "I'm perfectly capable of watching out for myself." With that I turned and walked away from him.

"Gosh, princess, there are shooting stars in your eyes," Colin greeted me. "Did I put them there?"

"Colin, I loathe this place," I said.

"I told you it was too crowded." He grinned and stood up. "I know the perfect spot."

I didn't care where we went just so we left. Finally I simmered down enough to notice that we were in the country. Colin turned into a lane and stopped by a forest pond known as Dugan's Mill. He switched off the headlights and turned to me. Suddenly I was even angrier than I had been at the Fountain Roof. "Colin, if you don't drive me home immediately," I said through clenched teeth, "I'll drive myself and make you walk back—"

Early next morning I began an impatient vigil by the telephone. Surely Spank would call and try to explain about that red-haired girl. He would ask me to forgive him, and I'd tell him I was sorry about Colin. I'd admit Spank was right about Colin being a wolf.

At noon I called Spank myself. "Nobody's here," the maid said. "They've gone to St. Louis."

"But not Spank," I said. "He stayed home."

"He's not here," the maid insisted, "and his bed wasn't slept in."

Then I began to be really afraid. Those pearls were valuable and some unscrupulous people were *holding* Spank. He was a big, simple, trusting *puppy*. He'd be no match for that slinky redhead and the gang she probably worked for. I made myself think. Spank had traced that girl; maybe

I could. But this was Sunday and the beauty parlors were closed. However, the bazaar where I'd bought the jacket was still open. It was half-past twelve and I knew that Mrs. Hendrich would be there until one. It was just possible she could give me a clue.

"I'm sorry," Mrs. Hendrich told me twenty minutes later when I showed her the jacket. "We keep no record of who sends us things or who buys them."

My heart sank.

"Funny about this jacket," Mrs. Hendrich continued. "We sold it twice. It came in first about two weeks ago and was sold the same day. Then it was sent *back* and you bought it."

I clutched the counter. "*Of course!*" I thought. Sally had sent it in originally and the red-haired girl bought it. The jacket was a bit too small so she returned it and I got it. The clip was hers and not Sally's. But this was no help in finding Spank now. I dashed out to my car. I'd ask my father to call the police—

A pair of man's legs dangled over our living room sofa. But it wasn't my father who stood up. It was Spank! I ran to him. "Oh, Spank, are you all right?" I cried.

"Sure," he said. "I'm okay." He grabbed my arms. "Tori, where is that yellow jacket?"

I gasped, realizing I'd left the jacket on the counter at the bazaar. When I told Spank he paled and dragged me out to the car. "We've *got* to get it back," he said.

"Spank, I don't understand." I said as we drove down town again. "Who *is* that red-haired girl?"

"Daphne Grant," he answered. "Her father is Charles A. Grant."

"The man who's running for governor?" I asked.

Spank nodded and I whistled. "When I took Daphne home last night, I met Mr. Grant and had a long talk with him," Spank continued. "It was late, so he invited me to stay."

I breathed a sigh of relief. Then I learned why Spank wanted the jacket again. Mr. X, a powerful politician, had reluctantly placed his influence behind Mr. Grant's campaign. Then Mr. Grant had learned that Mr. X had been involved in a graft scandal and had written an accusing letter to Mr. X. After giving the letter to Daphne to mail, Mr. Grant had learned that Mr. X had *not* been involved in the graft and that the accusations were false. Luckily Daphne had forgotten to mail the letter. It was in the yellow jacket. If anyone found it and mailed it, Mr. X would no doubt be angry enough to remove his support from Mr. Grant. And if anyone opened and read the letter, the situation might be even worse. Mr. Grant *must* get that letter back unopened.

It was almost half-past one when we reached the bazaar. Mrs. Hendrich had left the counter a half-hour ago, her replacement told us. "That yellow suede jacket?" she said in answer to our question. "Why, yes, it was on the counter and someone bought it. I haven't the slightest idea who it was."

"Tori," Colin breathed when I floated up to him, "you remind me of fresh violets and rich cream."

I took one look at Spank's face and my heart sank. He was thinking of Daphne, I knew. He wanted to help her more than anything in the world, and he had failed. "Don't worry," I whispered. "She'll understand that you did your best."

His face cleared a little. "I'd better go tell the Grants," he said.

"I'll take the bus home," I said, and left.

My throat ached and there were tears in my eyes when I entered our house. The telephone was ringing and I answered it. "*Darling!*" my cousin, Sally, said. "I got back this morning and the most thrilling thing happened."

It was several minutes before I could make myself concentrate on Sally's chatter.

"—and so I've gone back to my beautiful basketball hero," Sally was saying.

"Will you be a cheerleader again?" I asked.

"Of course," she replied.

Suddenly I clutched the phone with both hands. "The yellow jacket," I whispered. "Did you—"

"But, darling, that's just what I've been *telling* you," Sally interrupted. "I went to the bazaar, and there it was!"

"Sally, hold everything!" I shouted. "I'm coming up there immediately."

"But, pet, my basketball player's *here*," Sally complained.

Half an hour later I burst into Sally's house. She was wearing the yellow jacket. I ran to her and pulled it off. Just as I was reaching into the pocket, I noticed the boy with Sally. It was Colin Craig. We regarded each other frostily. "You!" I said.

Sally was looking from one to the other of us,

dazed. "Tori, you know Colin?" she asked. "How? Where?"

"I know him all right," I said. "It was at Dugan's Mill." Then I remembered the letter and thrust my hand through the hole in the pocket. Frantically I felt around between the lining and the suede. My fingers touched paper and with a cry of triumph I pulled out the letter. I dropped the jacket and ran to the door, barely noticing that Sally stood scowling wide-eyed at Colin.

At the Grant's, a butler opened the door. "Mr. Grant is out, but he is expected back within the hour," he said. "You may wait in his study."

Clutching the letter, I paced up and down the study. Finally the door opened and Mr. Grant appeared. Worry and fatigue lined his face. He was carrying the yellow jacket. Wordlessly I handed him the letter. He reached for it with trembling hands, studied it, and finally sank into a chair. "Thank heaven," he whispered fervently. At last he looked at me and smiled.

Later, after he had burned the letter and I had introduced myself, he pointed to the jacket. "Funny about that," he said. "When Spank told me it was gone again. I thought I'd go to the bazaar to see if *I* could locate it. As I was inquiring, a girl came in and slammed the jacket down on the counter. She said something about being through with basketball players and stamped out, obviously rather disturbed. I bought the jacket, but the letter was gone—"

As I was leaving, Mr. Grant offered me a reward, but I refused. "There is one thing, however," I said. "I wish you wouldn't tell Spank or Daphne that it was I who finally found the letter."

"It's a promise," Mr. Grant said.

Downstairs, a voice coming from behind the drawing room door made me pause. It was Spank. "But what can I do if she prefers that Colin Craig to me?" he was asking.

"She doesn't prefer him," Daphne replied, "or she wouldn't have been jealous of me. And she won't be jealous when she stops to think that you and I have known each other so briefly."

"It's all my fault," Spank said. "I didn't let her know how much I appreciate her."

"That's easily remedied," Daphne said.

"I'll tell her I'm going to wear a dinner jacket to the prom," Spank said.

"That should help," Daphne said.

"How about taking her flowers?" Spank continued. "Violets, maybe."

"Violets would suit her coloring perfectly," Daphne agreed.

"And they'd match her eyes," Spank said. "Did you ever notice her eyes, Daphne?" he asked.

I tiptoed out, my heart singing. At home, I waited breathlessly. An hour later, Spank came in carrying some packages. He hesitated in the doorway. "Oh, Spank, I thought you'd never get here," I said.

He grinned then and came in.

"Why, Spank," I continued, "you're going to tell me you'll go formal to the prom—and. Spank, are those *violets* in that box?"

His mouth fell open. "How did you know?" he gasped.

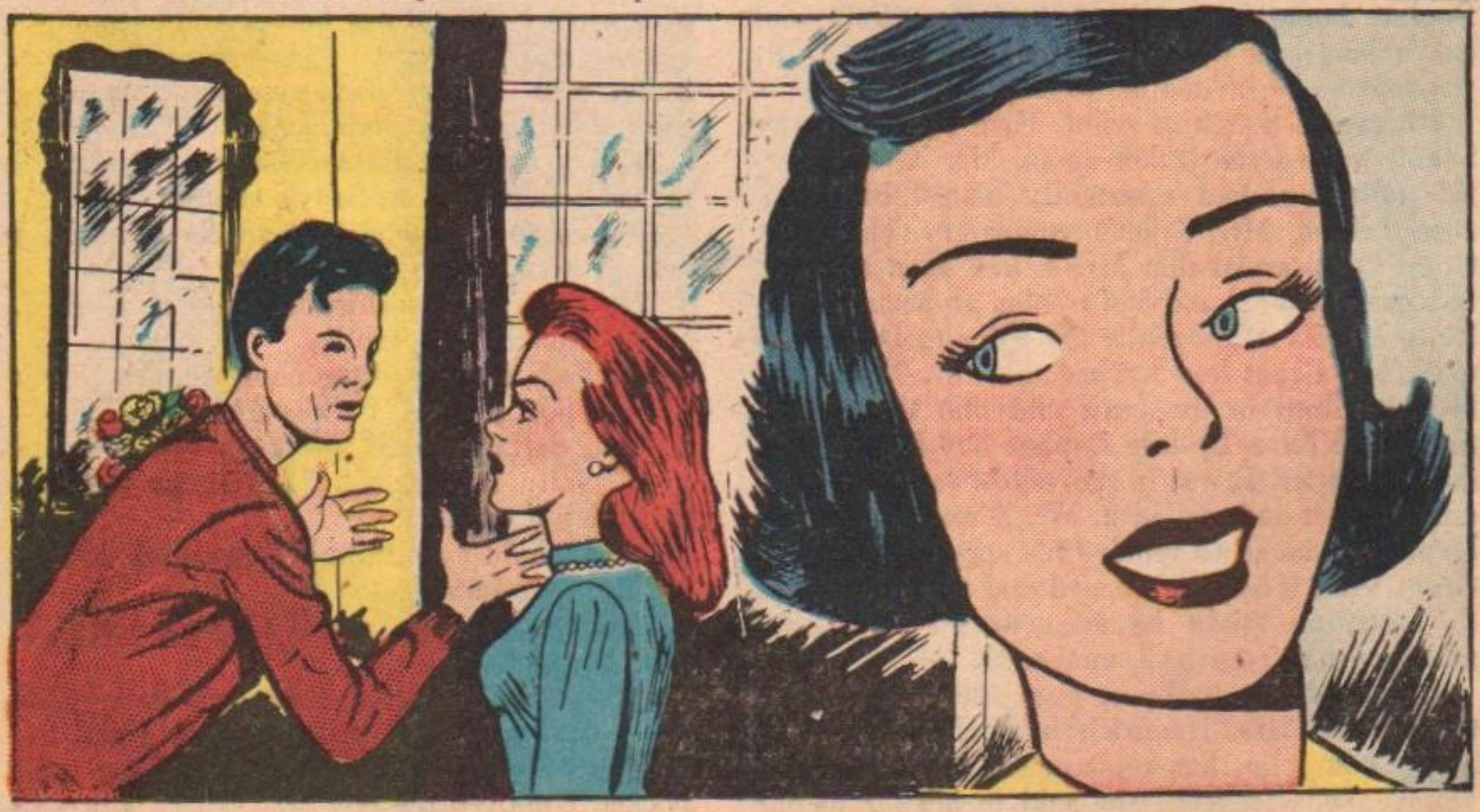
"A girl doesn't have to be a detective," I laughed, "to read the look in your eyes . . ."

Much later Spank opened one of the packages. "Daphne asked me to give you this," he said.

I jumped up with a cry and slipped into the suede jacket. "How do I look in yellow?" I asked, modeling it for him.

"Gorgeous," he sighed. "Just gorgeous!"

THE END



"It's all my fault!" I overheard Spank telling Daphne. "I didn't show how much I appreciate her."

STITCHIN' TIME

4529– *Do we hear you sigh when you see this lovely pattern which is so simple... so pretty... so delightfully cool? It Comes in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18. size 16 requires 2 3/4 yards of 35-inch fabric; 2 3/8 yards of contrasting 35-inch fabric.*

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5423

FOR TWO YEARS COLLEGE WAS THE USUAL HARD GRIND, ONLY BROKEN BY WEEK-END DATES! I ENJOYED STUDYING, AND WEEK ENDS WERE RELAXING...BUT FOR THE MOST PART, LIFE WAS PRETTY UNEVENTFUL!

THAT IS--UNTIL I WALKED INTO THE PSYCHOLOGY CLASS OF PROFESSOR DON COREY, THAT SEPTEMBER OF MY JUNIOR YEAR!

OH, I'M SORRY-- I DIDN'T KNOW YOU...
MISS... AH... YOUNG LADY WITH THE YELLOW SWEATER--CLASS MEETS PROMPTLY AT TEN! PLEASE BE ON TIME IN THE FUTURE!

BROTHER, HAVE YOU GOT IT BAD-- I NEVER SAW ANYBODY WORK LIKE THAT JUST ON PSYCHOLOGY! WHAT FOR? COREY DOESN'T KNOW ONE STUDENT FROM ANOTHER!
YOU!

IT WASN'T JUST HIS VOICE, ALTHOUGH THAT WAS WONDERFUL! HE WAS SO BRILLIANT, SO WITTY--YET SO SHY! WHAT WAS THE USE? CAROL WAS RIGHT--I HAD IT BAD!

BE A MODERN '49er — BUY UNITED STATES SAVINGS BONDS

WOULD YOU AGREE, MISS? YOU--THE YOUNG LADY IN THE CHECKED SUIT...

OH-OH! I'M SORRY, PROFESSOR--I DIDN'T HEAR THE QUESTION!

WOULD YOU BE GOOD ENOUGH TO STOP IN MY OFFICE ABOUT FOUR, YOUNG LADY?

THE REASON WASN'T A GOOD ONE, BUT IT DIDN'T MATTER! I WAS GOING TO SEE PROFESSOR COREY... DON... ALONE FOR THE FIRST TIME!

PROF. DONALD COREY
PSYCHOLOGY III

COLLEGE HAS NO ROOM FOR THOSE WHO WON'T WORK, OR WHO LET THEIR PERSONAL LIVES INTERFERE WITH THEIR MENTAL PROGRESS!

OH YES, PROFESSOR, I AGREE!

YOUR LAST PAPERS, MISS... ER... AH... HAVE NOT SHOWN THE INTELLIGENT AND SCIENTIFIC APPROACH THAT I THOUGHT EVIDENT IN YOUR EARLIER ONES!

PROFESSOR, I SPEND MORE TIME ON YOUR PAPERS THAN ON ANYONE ELSE'S!

YOU CAN DO BETTER WORK! I'D BE WILLING TO BET THAT YOU'VE LET SOME SILLY MOONLIGHT ROMANCE INTERFERE WITH YOUR WORK -- THE MARKS ARE UNMISTAKABLE!

YOU JUST DON'T UNDERSTAND!

PROFESSOR, YOU MAY TEACH PSYCHOLOGY BUT YOU'VE BEEN COOPED UP IN THIS OFFICE WITH THOSE BOOKS FOR SO LONG, YOU'VE FORGOTTEN THAT A HUMAN BEING IS MORE THAN A MIND! HE HAS A HEART AND A SOUL, TOO! MY ADVICE TO YOU, AS A PROFESSOR--AND AS A MAN--IS TO GET OUT OF YOUR SHELL AND GET TO KNOW PEOPLE--AT LEAST THEIR *NAMES!* YOU MAY KNOW PSYCHOLOGY, BUT YOU DON'T KNOW WOMEN!

MY SHELL? I WONDER IF...

I'D BEEN A FOOL! I KNEW NOW THAT I COULD NEVER WIN THE RESPECT, MUCH LESS THE LOVE, OF A MAN LIKE DON...AFTER THAT OUTBURST! I COULDN'T SEE RETURNING TO CLASS NEXT DAY OR EVER!

BUT, WINNIE, HE WON'T REMEMBER TOMORROW! HE'S SO THICK-SKINNED, IT'LL JUST SLIDE OFF HIS BACK!

MAYBE, CAROL, BUT I'LL REMEMBER EVERY WORD I SAID--I COULDN'T FACE HIM AGAIN!

BY MORNING, CAROL HAD CONVINCED ME, AND I WAS BEGINNING TO FEEL PLEASED WITH EVERY WORD I'D SAID! I REALIZED DON WAS A LOST CAUSE AND, LIKE A WOMAN, I WAS GOING TO TAKE MY REVENGE! HE'D LEARN ONE THING ANYWAY--MY NAME!

I'M SORRY I'M LATE, PROFESSOR! I'LL JUST HAVE TO STOP THESE HEAVY DATES!

I KEPT IT UP FOR DAYS, AS DON STRUGGLED TO DELIVER HIS LECTURES!

WHEN YOU USE THE TERM, "MAN," DO YOU INCLUDE WOMEN IN THAT CATEGORY?

THE TERM "MAN" IS GENERIC AND, AS USED IN OUR STUDIES, INCLUDES ALL MEMBERS OF THE HUMAN RACE, *MISS MASON!*

I HAD DONE MY WORK--HE KNEW MY NAME NOW! BUT I WAS NOT PREPARED FOR WHAT TOOK PLACE THE NEXT DAY...

MISS MASON, EXCUSE ME! I... ER... ISN'T THERE A SQUARE DANCE BEING HELD IN THE GYM NOW? I...ER...I'VE BEEN THINKING OF WHAT YOU SAID AND I...ER... WONDERED...

WHY, PROFESSOR! LET'S GO!

SAAAY--YOU'RE PRETTY GOOD!

I RATHER LIKE THIS!

HI, CAROL! LOOK WHAT I'VE GOT!

LA-TA-DE-TUM!

I WAS PARTICULARLY PLEASED, DON, TO SEE YOU PARTICIPATING IN THE SQUARE DANCING-- IT HAS MADE MY CHOICE OF FACULTY PROM ADVISER CERTAIN! YOU'LL ACCEPT, OF COURSE?

WHY, I... I'LL BE GLAD TO!

FEELING LIKE THE CAT THAT SWALLOWED THE CANARY, WINNIE?

SORT OF! LOOKS LIKE HE'S TAKING MY ADVICE!

YOU KNOW, CAROL, HE'S REALLY A GOOD DANCER! I WONDER...

OH, *NO!* YOU AREN'T GOING TO FALL AGAIN! DON'T YOU EVER LEARN?

MY CAMPAIGN CERTAINLY WAS WORKING--EVERY GIRL IN THE CLASS WAS GA-GA OVER PROFESSOR COREY!

I REALIZE THAT SOUNDS FUNNY, BUT IT IS THE TYPICAL REACTION OF THE SPECIES KNOWN AS THE "STUFFED SHIRT"--AS YOU REFER TO HIM!

AS THE WARM DAYS OF SPRING ARRIVED, I REALIZED I WAS WEARY OF THE GAME I'D BEEN PLAYING WITH DON! I WAS BACK WHERE I STARTED--STILL IN LOVE AND THE SCORE, STILL LOVE--NOTHING!

THE PROM WILL BE ON JUNE THIRD, PROFESSOR COREY TELLS ME, AND I'M SURE I'LL SEE A GOOD MANY OF YOU THERE!

I WAS CERTAINLY UNAWARE OF THE PROBLEM BESETTING DON, AS THE SAME WARM SPRING SUN STOLE INTO HIS OFFICE!

I'VE GOT TO TAKE SOMEONE!

I HAD FINISHED MY TERM PAPER AND HAD BROUGHT IT IN FOR A FINAL CONFERENCE! BUT DON, USUALLY SO PUNCTUAL, WAS NOT THERE...

I BROUGHT MY... OH...!

WHILE WAITING FOR DON TO RETURN, I DECIDED TO TIDY UP THE STUDY A BIT!

OH, NO! NOT AFTER ALL THESE MONTHS...OH, DON!

BE A MODERN '49er — BUY UNITED STATES SAVINGS BONDS

Dear Miss Mason,
Would you be good
enough to accompany me
Dear Miss Mason,
Would you go to the
prom with me

Winnie!

Mrs. Winnie Corey

WINNIE! FORGIVE ME... MISS MASON... WILL YOU DO ME THE HONOR... WILL YOU... OH, WINNIE--I DON'T WANT TO GO ANYWHERE WITHOUT YOU!

DON!

DON! YOU DON'T MEAN THAT! I'VE BEEN LEADING YOU ON-- I'VE BEEN SAUCY AND REVENGEFUL AND PROBABLY-- THE REASON YOU'VE NOTICED ME AT ALL IS...

YOU'RE WRONG, WINNIE! I'VE KNOWN FROM THE FIRST THAT I LOVED YOU--YOUR LECTURE JUST BROUGHT ME TO MY SENSES! BUT I WAS SHY-- I'VE NEVER LOVED BEFORE--AND I COULDN'T BELIEVE THAT AS CHARMING AND LOVELY A CREATURE AS YOU COULD WANT ME!

OH, DON--I'VE LOVED YOU FOR SO LONG!

I'VE BEEN DON'S WIFE MANY YEARS NOW, AND I STILL ADORE HIM, BUT I DON'T THINK I'LL EVER BE AS PROUD AS I WAS THE NIGHT OF THE PROM!

MAY I PRESENT MY FIANCÉ, DEAN CRONE? THE FINEST TEACHER I'VE EVER KNOWN!

WELL! DELIGHTED, WINIFRED! CONGRATULATIONS TO YOU BOTH!

THE END

THEY'RE YOURS, DARLING!

by Wyn Alford

AT THIS MOMENT, THE SKUNKS SEEM TO BE UNDER CONTROL . . . BUT IF YOU READ TOMORROW'S HEADLINES, YOU'LL SEE THEY CAUSED MORE THAN AN AROMA!

TESS BRITON cuddled the blanket under her chin while her toes, five feet four inches away, were bare to the warm summer breeze that rippled through the room. Ignore the alarm clock, this is Saturday morning, buzzed half of the brain-box under her curly cap of black hair. Get up, get up, urged the other half, this is a red-letter day in the battle between Archie and Gramps!

Tess was fully awake and had one leg in her jeans before she remembered that Gramps despised the denim dependables. Tossing them quickly aside for a freshly-starched chintz, she thought how important it was that Gramps be in a good mood when he read this morning's paper. Surely when he saw that Archie had crashed the headlines, he'd have to admit that Archie was on the beam when it came to carrying out instructions. He'd just *have* to let Archie have the run of the house and take her out to dances and parties.

But you could never tell about Gramps. He had some quaint notions, like taking her old friends for granted, while new ones had a rough time of it until Gramps okay'd them.

Stillwater Briton was surprised and slightly suspicious to find his granddaughter at the breakfast table in a pretty dress instead of jeans. But as she fussed over his breakfast and didn't mention that new boy, Archie, he settled his huge body into a chair and relaxed to enjoy the rare favor.

On the second page of the paper he came to the article about Archie. Tess had been watching the toast with one eye, Gramps with the other, and she was prepared for an explosion—but not one that would put Hiroshima to shame!

"The boy's a nitwit—a blithering idiot!" he shouted, wildly waving his paper. "I was right when I told you to stay away from that precocious carrot top!"

"What's the matter, Gramps?" asked Tess, just as if she hadn't been up bright and early for the sole purpose of defending Archie if Gramps took a dim view of his bid for fame.

"That idiot, Archie McQuiddle, paraded around town yesterday noon with a couple of skunks!" Gramps' face was a fiery red and his bushy white hair had taken on a tinge of pink. "I mean skunks," he rumbled. "Stripes, smell and all! It's right here."

He stopped waving the paper to read in a wrath-trembling voice, "Archie McQuiddle caused a near riot, yesterday, when he chose the intersection at First Street and Queen's Ave. to give an interesting lecture on the Species of Mephitis Conepatus. Skunks to you! The toiling masses, hunting for lunch, stopped at the call of the wild. At a safe distance they admired the striped kittens, until the resulting traffic jam caused police to investigate. They took Archie and his pals off to tell their story to the judge."

Stillwater Briton glared at his granddaughter. "To think of all the good money I paid that fool girls' school to have you taught sense, and you pick the first addlebrained newcomer that hits the town!"

"Gramps, such language for a pillar of the church and the town's leading business man! Besides, you told him to do it."

"I WHAT?" roared Gramps.

"You told Archie that because he was a newcomer to town he had to make himself known. And you told him he had to show his steadiness by having money in the bank and the promise of a summer job, and so prove he will be a worthwhile addition to my group of friends. Now you see, it was really obedience."

Stillwater Briton went limp with rage. "Obedience," he moaned. "A boy gets himself arrested for being a public nuisance and causing a traffic jam, and it's *my* fault! I suppose he told Judge Bims I ordered him to do it! Tess, you obey me and keep away from that redheaded numbskull."

Tess looked reproachfully at her grandfather. "You're stuffy, Gramps. You hand out that old fairy story of the prince and his three tasks before he could date the princess, and now that Archie has accomplished his first task you blow up."

Gramps' eyes still simmered with disgust, so Tess tried another line. "Archie's clever, Gramps. He's *wonderful* at selling things. He sold Tizzie and Dizzie to the cop and they aren't really housebroken yet! Why don't you give him a job this summer? Then he'd have the job you want him to have, I'd be able to go to the club dance on Friday night and we all would be happy."

"No!" Gramps roared. "And your reasoning proves that modern education isn't worth a dime. And, furthermore, if Archie told you to suggest it, tell him to solve his own problems!"

"It was my idea, Gramps, but Archie will most likely think of it." And with that crisp statement, Tess abandoned her grandfather to tell Archie how his bid for publicity had been received.

"Hasn't he accepted me yet?" Archie demanded. "I made the news! Everybody in town knows me now!"

"Gramps doesn't think it was dignified," Tess confessed. "I told him what a good salesman you are, Archie, but Gramps said he didn't have an opening for a skunk salesman in his office."

"The policeman's wife objected to Tizzy and Dizzy, so I've got them back. How would you like them, Tess?" Archie offered generously.

"Archie," said Tess in a panic, "you know I've got all I can manage with Gramps!"

"Okay, I'll take them over to the city zoo. They are just kits and too small to turn loose in the woods. How about biking over there with me this afternoon?"

So Tess and Archie, with Tizzy and Dizzy in their box in Archie's carrier, started off for the zoo. As they neared the entrance to the country club grounds, Tess said, "Let's stop for a coke, Archie."

They pedaled down the driveway and parked their bikes against the club house, then headed for the large room where some of the club members were having tea. Tess stopped in the doorway. "There's Gramps and Judge Bims over at the counter, Archie. Perhaps I had better wait here on the veranda."

Tess perched on the railing and watched Archie's orange crew cut grow dimmer and dimmer as he sauntered down the big room. She saw the two men, arguing as usual, get up from their chairs and head toward Archie. Tess giggled as she saw Archie, who must have considered the pair too much for him, step discreetly into the doorway leading to the lockers. He waited for them to pass. But Stillwater Briton and Judge Bims had reached the stage where they had to stand and shout at each other. The other members ignored them, but both Tess and Archie listened with interest to what they were saying.

The Judge waved his big black cigar in Gramps' face to emphasize his remarks. "I tell you, Stillwater, as president of this club, you should investigate the fire precautions. This building is a death trap!"

"Nonsense. It's perfectly safe," Gramps sneered.

"Bosh, Stillwater, nothing but windows. It would take far too long to empty this building."

"You could get everybody out of here in *one minute!*" insisted Stillwater Briton. "And I'll back that with hard cash."

"You're shrewd, Stillwater. You know nothing but a fire will prove you wrong."

Tess saw Archie step out beside the two men. Oh, why didn't he keep out of Gramps' way, she thought, especially now that Judge Bims had him all stirred up over the old argument? She heard Archie apologize for interrupting and ask, "If I demonstrate how the club house can be emptied in less than one minute, will I get the money?"

Stillwater Briton stared stonily at Archie, but Judge Bims was anxious to prove his point. "Go to it, my boy. Use anything but fire," the Judge urged.

Archie turned and sauntered back toward Tess. She followed him over to their bikes. "Oh, Archie, what are you going to do?"

Archie winked as he lifted the box containing Tizzy and Dizzy from his carrier. "Oh, no, Archie," she gasped.

"Oh, yes, Tess," he mimicked. "Your Gramps said money in the bank, and this'll put it there. Besides, the little fellows are only kits and won't do any harm. You'd better wait for me outside the gate. Your grandfather, I expect, is going to be a bit riled."

Before Tess could protest, Archie had disappeared into the club house with Tizzy and Dizzy.

Inside the club house, Archie knelt and cautiously released Tizzy and Dizzy. The black and white kits *looked* harmless enough, but a dozen snarling, blood-thirsty jaguars couldn't have had a more profound effect on the club members.

Screaming and swearing, the entire contents of the club were emptied onto the lawns. In half the time Stillwater Briton had stated, Archie was left

"Oh, no, Archie!" Tess gasped as she saw him take Tizzy and Dizzy out of their box.

"I was right when I told you to stay away from that precocious carrot top!" Gramps roared.

in sole possession of the club house, sharing the space with Tizzy and Dizzy and their distinctive aroma. The kittens had grown in the past few days (a small matter Archie had overlooked), and had come into their full heritage!

Two days later Archie was still in disgrace. He had to phone Tess, for she wasn't even allowed to meet him in the drugstore.

"What's the matter with Gramps now?" demanded Archie. "He should be glad I proved him right and Judge Bims wrong."

"Gramps objects strenuously to the manner in which it was done," said Tess dully. "And he's furious that he was the one who had to pay you . . . and when I remind him that you're only obeying his orders, he breaks the furniture in little pieces. Oh, Archie, I don't see how you'll *ever* get off his black list."

Archie thought a moment, then said, "Well, tell him to cheer up, because now I haven't any money."

"What happened, Archie?" wailed Tess.

"My beloved cousin, Jiffy, heard I had some cash and considerately talked me out of it. He wanted to leave right away for a job up north, so he sold me his strip of land out near the golf course. Mother suggested that I camp out there until the perfume leaves my T-shirts, so get the gang together tonight, Tess, and come on out for a wiener roast."

"Okay, Archie," Tess replied. "But remember, Gramps is really sizzling this time, so start scheming again. We're bound to hit one of these times."

"I guess I'm going to have more trouble than I expected," Archie moaned. "Your grandfather and the town's capitalists seem to think I lack that sober touch necessary to keeping a job."

"I told Gramps that his behavior is positively prehistoric, but it doesn't seem to worry him," said Tess.

"Don't worry, honey," Archie consoled her. "I'll have nothing but time while I'm out in the wilderness, so I'll think of something."

"We've just got to get to that dance together," Tess said sincerely. "And there'll be no living with Gramps if we don't prove that this is a free country and the best man wins."

"Aw, Tess," Archie sighed.

Tess' opinions on living in a free country were very low that evening when she found herself on the club house veranda with Gramps and Judge Bims. As sounds of laughter from Archie's wiener roast floated across the greens to Tess' ears, she grew sadder and madder at Gramps for forbidding her to go. The older generation, however, did not share Tess' tension.

Judge Bims, at that moment, was stating smugly, "Our country club is as well managed, as beautiful and as well situated as any club in the country!" He paused to sniff the air. A little west wind was blowing gently toward the club house.

Conversation slowly petered out as the air gradually became tainted with a strong aroma . . . of skunk!

The club house, with its windows tightly closed, was unbearably hot, and the conversation was heated, too. Stillwater Briton, as president of the club, was receiving the blame. And Tess was slowly giving in to the thought that she'd never see Archie again . . .

The next day, Stillwater Briton saw his duty clearly and set off for Archie's lair. As he approached the end of the golf course, Briton saw Archie nonchalantly washing a pair of socks. Briton cleared his throat significantly. "Good morning, Archie."

"Good morning," said Archie and went on rubbing a sock.

"Came over to have a little talk with you, Archie, my boy," said Gramps as he looked around the small clearing for a place to sit. Seeing nothing higher than the ground, he lowered himself carefully in the shade of a big spruce tree. "Cozy spot here, but a bit primitive."

"Does Tess think the same way, or have you forbidden her to come out to see me?" demanded Archie, squeezing his sock vigorously.

Stillwater ignored the subject of Tess. "About this land, Archie. I hear Jiffy sold it to you. The club members are a bit perturbed that Jiffy didn't give them the first offer. They have always wanted this piece to add to the gardens. So they are prepared to give you a good price for it."

"No thanks. It's not for sale," said Archie, still rubbing the same sock.

Tess' grandfather undid the top button of his sport shirt and mentally counted to thirty-five. "I know it's nice to be a landowner, Archie, so we will be satisfied if you'll let us pay for an agreement that you won't raise skunks here."

"Skunks?" said Archie, lifting his orange eyebrows.

"Skunks," Stillwater said, gradually losing control of his voice. "When the wind blows from the west, your skunks make the club house uninhabitable!" He drew out a silk handkerchief and mopped his brow with fierce strokes.

"My skunks, eh?" murmured Archie thoughtfully. "Tell you what, Mr. Briton. I won't sell you the land—but for twice the amount you offered, I'll sign an agreement not to go into skunk raising. They make cute pets, you know."

Stillwater shuddered. "It's a holdup!" he shouted. "You're just out to make money so you can see Tess!"

"It's your idea," reminded Archie. "I was quite happy to get along on my allowance. You're the one that's making me into a Shylock."

"Well, you young upstart, you aren't getting *that much* out of me!" Stillwater muttered, and stamped away. But the farther he got from Archie's flaming cranium, the closer he was to the waiting committee at the club house. If he didn't obliterate this boy-menace to the country club, he would be ridiculed out of office and Judge Bims would be the next president.

Archie was casually hanging a sock on a willow bush when Stillwater Briton returned. "Come up to my office tomorrow morning and we'll settle this matter," he growled. "But remember, you still have to get a job, and a good one. None of this caddying or grass cutting."

As Stillwater Briton disappeared down the pathway, Archie let out a war whoop and threw his last sock high into the air . . .

He phoned Tess as soon as he reached town. "What color is your new dress, Tess?" he asked. "My wallet is weighed down with posey money, and Friday is the night we declare our independence."

"White," laughed Tess, overlooking his casual reference to the dream of white tulle anchored in her wardrobe. "Oh, Archie, who is your boss?"

"He doesn't know it yet, but Mr. Stillwater Briton is my future employer!"

"I hope he agrees," said Tess doubtfully, "but I already suggested he do just that, and he rejected the idea."

"To change one's mind is the hallmark of the great, Tess my lass. First thing in the morning Gramps is having greatness thrust upon him. Coming to see the show?"

"Sure," said Tess. But during the night she set her brainpan simmering, and when she met Archie the next morning she gave him the benefit of her thoughts. "I'd better let you tackle Gramps alone. He'll think I'm there to influence him and he'll get stubborn. Besides, he doesn't like women interfering in business."

"He's right," said Archie, pretending pompousness. "We'll settle this *man to man*."

As they walked into Stillwater Briton's imposing office, Archie felt like a blood brother to an earthworm. He wasn't so sure his plan would work—but Tess was counting on that dance, and he had already paid for the rose corsage that Tess would wear as a red splash of victory on her white dress. Besides, as Tess said, it was high time he was a welcome guest in her grandfather's home.

Archie squared his shoulders.

Tess spoke. "Get in there and fight, Arch!"

"Don't worry, Tess old sock," he said as he marched into Stillwater Briton's private office.

Wordlessly, Gramps showed Archie the agreement. He signed it and pocketed the accompanying check.

"I hope I've heard the last of skunks," said Stillwater, looking severely at Archie. "From now on, we must have peace at the country club."

"I won't interfere with you at the club, Mr. Briton," said Archie politely. "I'll only be out there after school each day for a short time . . ." Archie paused to stifle a yawn. ". . . Just long enough to feed the pigs I'm planning to raise."

Stillwater Briton's hulking frame rose from the chair. "You just signed an agreement you—you," Stillwater paused, mentally editing his language. "You lanky teen-ager," he snarled.

"There is nothing in our contract about pigs," Archie pointed out. "Of course if you gave me a job for the summer, I wouldn't have time to look after a hundred or so little pigs."

"It's blackmail!" roared Stillwater Briton, trembling with indignation.

"It's business," defended Archie. "My land lies on the outskirts of the town, and I can raise pigs on it if I want to."

Stillwater Briton shuddered at the thought of a west wind blowing toward the club house from the direction of a *pig ranch*. He looked Archie over carefully. Well, the boy certainly got what he went after, he thought grudgingly. Had more get up and go than any of Tess' other friends.

"All right, I'll give you a job, but remember—you can't use that piece of land everytime you and Tess want something!"

"Thanks, Mr. Briton," said Archie happily. "And if you draw up a bill of sale you can have the land for the price I paid Jiffy. We all might as well be happy."

When Archie came out of the office, Tess was almost in a state of collapse. "Did you get a job, Archie?"

"Sure," said Archie, putting his arm across Tess' shoulders and steering her out of the office. "Gramps is paying me to look after you and to stay away from his office. He couldn't think of anything tougher, I guess."

"Gramps is a good scout," said Tess warmly, "for all his quaint notions. I hope he'll be happy now that the club has your bit of land."

Archie slowly scratched his orange dome. "Tess, should I go back and tell him that we took Tizzy and Dizzy over to the city zoo right after they cleared the club house? That any skunks prowling around out there are strangers to us?"

Tess glanced lovingly into Archie's bright blue eyes and laughed.

"Come along, wayward one. Gramps is all for a person solving his own problems, and we'll let him discover that one for himself!" THE END

CAKE, COMING UP! . . .

Everybody's supposed to bring something to that club party, and you just can't think of a *thing* . . . Well, cheer up. Here's a party-brightener if there ever was one. And simple enough to make yourself.

Just beat the yolks of 5 eggs and add to them a cup of sugar and a cup of melted butter. Sift 1¾ cups flour with ¼ teaspoon salt and 4 teaspoons baking powder. Add gradually to the egg mixture, alternating with ½ cup of milk.

Flour lightly a cup of raisins and ¼ cup chopped citron and add them to the cake mixture, blending well. Last, fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites and turn the batter into a greased loaf pan. Bake in a moderate oven for 50 to 60 minutes—until a straw comes out clean.

No icing needed—and it goes great with anything from spiced punch to just plain milk.

STUFFED APPLES . . .

If you live in or near the country, this dish will be easy for you to assemble.

First, brown one pound of highly-seasoned country sausage meat in a skillet. Then add enough fresh bread crumbs to absorb the fat.

Core—but do not peel—six or seven apples. Stuff them with sausage and bake in a moderate oven for forty minutes.

Stuffed apples are delicious when made outside over an open fire, too.

SALAD ROUNDUP . . .

Here are a few refreshing ideas for your salad plates.

Beet Salad: Boil the beets and slip off their skins. Slice beets while they are still hot, and soak them in a bowl containing one part of vinegar to one part of water, and a dash of salt. Chill the beets before serving them with lettuce, cold sliced meat and a few caraway seeds.

Tomato Salad: Chill sliced ripe tomatoes in a bowl containing salad oil, salt, black pepper, vinegar and basil. This will give the tomatoes a delightfully fresh flavor.

Tomato-Roquefort Salad: Stuff tomatoes with Roquefort cheese mixed with mayonnaise and chopped chives. Serve with French dressing.

CREME CHOCOLAT . . .

To make this delicious French chocolate custard, scald a pint of milk and add ½ of a pound of grated chocolate. Cook, stirring constantly, until the chocolate is melted and the mixture reaches a boiling point.

Beat six egg yolks light and slowly pour the boiling chocolate over them. Stir thoroughly for several minutes, then strain with a fine sieve (to remove any lumps that might have formed).

Fill small French custard cups with the chocolate, chill well, and serve with a swirl of whipped cream.

MACARONI LOUISIANE . . .

From the Cajun country, down south in Louisiana, comes this different way to prepare macaroni.

Boil the macaroni until it is tender. Drain, and season with salt and pepper.

Into a frying pan put one tablespoon of butter and one tablespoon of flour. Add six fresh tomatoes which have been chopped finely, and be sure to add their juice, too. Stir well and bring to a boiling point. Mix the macaroni in carefully, so as not to break the lengths, and bring to a boil once again.

Serve hot to happy diners.

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Don't Miss
JUNIOR MISS

Charm Corner

STEP UP! PEP UP! BONNY LASS!
HERE IS SPRING AS BRIGHT AS BRASS
AND IT'S TIME TO CONTACT YOUR LOOKING GLASS!

•Spring Check-Up

HERE'S A GUIDE FOR YOU TO FOLLOW (JUST IN CASE YOU'RE FEELING HOLLOW). BRUSH UP ON THESE POINTS TO GET YOUR FELLOW (AND IN NO TIME AT ALL YOU'LL BE FEELING MELLOW)!

1. Do you take a daily bath or shower?
2. Is your hair as fragrant as a flower?
3. Brush your teeth twice every day?
4. Do you put your clothes away?
5. Are your fingernails clean and white?
6. Do you get enough sleep at night?
7. Are the heels of your daily shoes run down?
8. Is your expression a perpetual frown?
9. Are your skirts always brushed and pressed?
10. Do you take enough time to be neatly dressed?

SPRING CHECK-UP

Except for numbers seven and eight, all your answers should be "yes!" If it looks like you need a slight overhauling—come on, confess!

•Hear Ye! Hear Ye!

LEND YOUR SHELL-LIKE EAR TO OUR COMMENTS ON CHARM. BY INDICATING "TRUE" OR "FALSE" BESIDE THE STATEMENTS IN THIS QUIZ, YOU MAY PICK UP A BEAUTY HINT OR TWO!

1. Witch hazel does the same job as an expensive skin freshener.
2. Sun-worshiping tends to dry out your skin and a lubricant should be used before exposure.
3. Borrowing Janie's comb is harmless.
4. A base coat makes nail polish last longer.
5. It's best to dress completely before applying makeup.
6. Raisins are a good substitute for candy—if you're trying to reduce.
7. Pencil-thin eyebrows make eyes look larger.
8. If you're trying to make your hair grow, it's advisable to have it trimmed often.
9. Clean powderpuffs are not required for a healthy complexion.
10. A thin coat of powder dusted on your lips before applying lipstick prevents "running."

ANSWERS: 1-true, 2-true, 3-false, 4-true, 5-false, 6-true, 7-false, 8-true, 9-false, 10-true.

HOW'S YOUR HAIR, AND SKIN, AND EYES?
COME ON . . . ABANDON THOSE WINTRY ALIBIS
AND GROOM YOURSELF TILL . . . DAZZLING, YOU ARISE!

•Tact Facts

ETIQUETTE INVOLVES MORE, MUCH MORE, THAN KNOWING WHEN AND WHY TO USE WHICH FORK. PLACE YOURSELF IN THE FOLLOWING SITUATIONS AND CHECK THE ACTION YOU USUALLY FOLLOW. WHEN YOU'RE FINISHED, LOOK AT THE ANSWERS TO SEE IF YOU'RE FULLY "POSTED."

1. WHEN YOU ENTER THE SODA SHOP WITH A DATE, DO YOU . . .
   a. stare directly ahead as if lost in thought?
   b. smile and say 'hello' to all your friends?
   c. stop at the first booth to chat and ignore your date?

2. YOU'RE AT A DANCE WITH RELIABLE RALPH, AND A STAG YOU'VE BEEN TRYING TO IMPRESS FOR MONTHS GIVES YOU A RUSH. DO YOU . . .
   a. give Ralph a quick brush-off?
   b. flirt with him all evening behind Ralph's back?
   c. accept a few dances then return to Ralph?

3. SOMEBODY SUGGESTS BASEBALL AT THE CLASS PICNIC, AND YOU'VE NEVER PLAYED BEFORE. DO YOU . . .
   a. grit your teeth, try hard and laugh off errors?
   b. sulk on the sidelines?
   c. try to swing the activity to one you've mastered?

4. YOU'RE SETTLED FOR SATURDAY EVENING. THE MAN OF YOUR DREAMS BIDS YOU FOR THE SAME NIGHT. DO YOU . . .
   a. break your previous date?
   b. say you'll take a rain check?
   c. stand up your date and let your family make excuses?

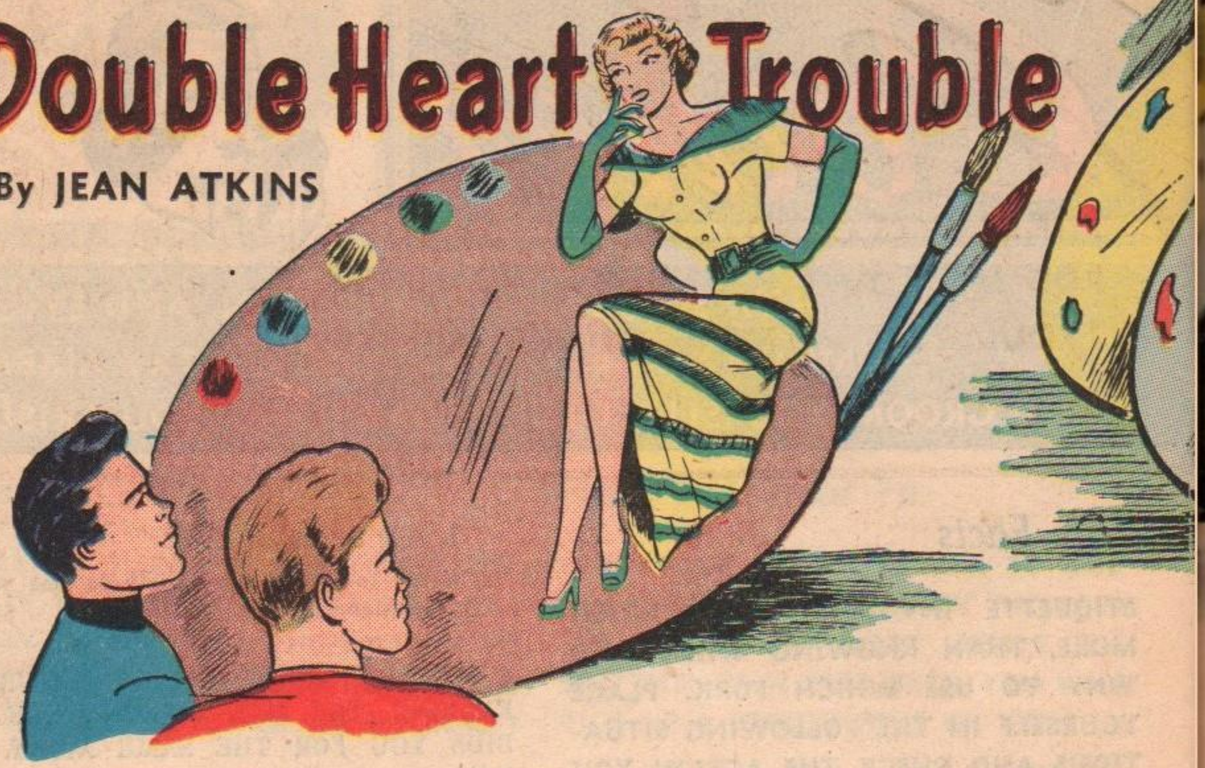
5. IF YOU HAVE AN ESPECIALLY SUCCULENT BIT OF GOSSIP, DO YOU . . .
   a. keep clam and remember that no one is perfect?
   b. spread it as fast and furiously as possible?
   c. subtly intimate that you have some hot news about Sally and Marv, (without saying what it is in so many words) so that it can't be traced back to you?

6. THE PARTY'S OVER AND THERE'S WORK TO BE DONE. DO YOU . . .
   a. beat it, smiling smugly?
   b. dab ineffectively at the decorations for a few seconds, then head for brighter spots?
   c. pitch in and start the ball rolling so that everyone will be finished faster?

ANSWERS TO TACT FACTS: 1-b, 2-c, 3-a, 4-b, 5-a, 6-c.

Double Heart Trouble

By JEAN ATKINS



I HADN'T finished unpacking my trunk when the phone rang.

"Candy?"

"Yes."

There was a slow, calm chuckle. "So you're home again!"

"Uh huh. Who is this?" I really didn't have to ask. From the voice I knew it could only be Mike—hulking, phlegmatic, kind-hearted Mike. Closing my eyes, I saw him as clearly as though he were standing before me, smiling his gentle smile, being sweet, and dull, as always. Quickly I opened my eyes. I didn't particularly want to see him.

His voice drawled, "So you don't recognize your childhood sweetheart!" It was one of Mike's whimsical pleasantries to refer to himself in such terms. I wouldn't have minded it so much, except for the fact that he wasn't kidding. He meant it!

Maybe I'm cynical about childhood romances. I guess it's because I've seen so many of them smash in my sixteen years that I can't take them seriously. That's kind of an involved sentence, but I guess you know what I mean. The point is, Mike didn't. Just because we thought a lot of each other when I was thirteen and he was fourteen, he seemed to think it was going to go on like that forever. But while I was away at school last year, I met Rodney! Now I was faced with the problem of convincing Mike that our old feeling was just kid stuff. And I never was good at solving problems.

"Oh, it's you, Mike," I said, not getting too excited. "How're things?"

"Looking up, now that you're back," Mike replied. "I expect to see a lot of you this summer."

Creeps! How does one answer that? "Er . . . I'll be around as usual," I hedged.

"Doing anything tonight?" Mike said bluntly.

"Well, as a matter of fact, I am."

"Hmm." There was a painful pause, then Mike said, "I'll call you tomorrow."

"Do that," I sighed, and hung up. Let tomorrow take care of itself. At least today I'd broken the ice.

I waited eagerly that evening for Rodney to arrive. For three months I'd been writing my parents from school, hinting about the dream man I'd met. Now I could show him off to the family and prove how right I'd been.

My meeting Rodney was a lovely, romantic chance. I'd enrolled in an art class at boarding school and Miss Plummer, the instructor, had insisted that we go out on field trips to sketch and paint. One day I'd set up my easel at the corner of a village street, and along came three cadets from the neighboring military academy. Two of them stopped to snicker. The third stopped to admire. That was Rodney!

When we discovered we both came from Green Rapids, well, that was the finishing touch. We knew a lot of the same people, we were mutually interested in art (though Rodney didn't paint), and during the rest of the term we were dated continually for hops and parties. Meanwhile, we looked forward to the summer vacation. Now it had come.

The doorbell buzzed.

"Rodney!"

"Candy!"

Rodney was dark and lean and handsome in his cadet uniform, and I felt proud to introduce him to my parents. They would compare him to Mike, I knew, and I was sure Rodney would get the superior rating.

"Mom, Pop, this is Rodney Chase."

Pop looked over his reading spectacles. "So you're the young man my daughter raves about."

"Pop!" I rebuked him mildly.

"Sit down, Rodney," Mom said, "and tell us about yourself."

Rodney sat down gracefully and told us about himself. So many boys in his position would have frozen up and become tongue-tied—but not Rodney! He was, well, sophisticated. I could tell Mom was impressed. Pop had listened so far with a noncommittal attitude. Rodney noticed it, and noticed, too, that Pop had been reading the editorial page of the evening newspaper, so he glibly switched the conversation to politics. At that, Pop gave a surprised grunt and soon was nodding enthusiastically. Rodney, I was sure, was going to be a success.

Later that night, after a happy snack of cookies, cheese and cucumbers, and a warm good-night to Rodney, I confronted my parents.

"What's the family consensus?" I demanded.

Mom smiled kindly. "He's a very clever young man," she said.

Pop wrinkled his brow in a quizzical way. "He talks a blue streak," he grunted.

"So?" I challenged.

"So—he talks a lot." Pop went back to his editorials.

"He's a live wire," I defended. "You've got to admit he's more interesting than Mike."

Pop rustled his paper. "Mike's no wire, he's a human being."

I turned to Mom. "What do you say?"

"He's clever and charming," Mom replied. "That's all we can say till we get to know him better."

That mollified me some, but as I was going up the stairs, Mom spoiled my mood by adding, "Mike is also a very nice boy."

That's the way it goes. Parents never seem to be up-to-date. Of course Mike was a nice boy but, compared to Rodney, about as intriguing as a cup of lukewarm tea. Stolid, dull, uninspired Mike! I wondered how I could ever have seen anything in him.

Mike rang up the next afternoon, but I wasn't at home. Being the eager beaver, I'd trudged off to the heights with my easel and paint box to capture on canvas the river rapids that swirled below. These were the rapids after which our town was named, and they'd fascinated me ever since I was so high. Now that I was an accomplished painter, having studied the subject some months, I optimistically tackled the toughest project I could find. And I suppose, too, that another one of my motives was to impress Rodney. After all, we'd met through his admiration of my work. But if so, I didn't admit it, because my head was full of Miss Plummer's injunctions about art for art's sake, truth is beauty, beauty truth, et cetera. Visions ghosted through my brain of Miss Candy Clark's masterpieces hanging beside those of Rembrandt, Van Gogh, and Cézanne, and I set out to do the rapids with a high degree of arty enthusiasm and confidence.

After two hours of patient labor on the heights overlooking the rapids, I stepped back to observe my work and found my confidence disappearing like air in a leaky tire. I had the colors right, a swirling swarm of greens and whites, with a dab of brown here and there, but the general effect seemed to resemble a formation of storm clouds instead of rapids in a river. I frowned, I sighed, I massaged a kink in my back. Then I thought of Rodney, who appreciated great art, and reluctantly I picked up the palette and went back to work.

A half-hour later, with the painting traveling

rapidly from Bad to Worse, I heard a twig snap behind me, turned, and there stood . . . Mike!

Arms folded, brow crinkled in calm bewilderment, a quiet grin playing about the corners of his mouth, Mike looked the same as ever—a simple, hulking hunk of boy that rather reminded one of a good-natured elephant.

"So," he drawled. That seemed to sum up the situation.

"Hi, Mike," I said. giving him a polite smile. "What brings you up here?"

He thought that one over, meanwhile eyeing my canvas with a terrible fascination.

"I called your home," he finally explained. "Your mother said I'd find you up here."

Thanks, Mama dear, I thought to myself, but outwardly I said, "Oh."

There was a long silence. Mike came a few feet nearer the easel, studied my painting with his head cocked to one side, then to the other. For such a calm, gentle person, Mike sometimes makes me nervous.

"Well," I demanded, "what do you think of it?"

Mike thought, cleared his throat, thought again. "What," he said slowly, "is it supposed to be?"

"Why, the rapids down below, silly!" I felt like kicking him.

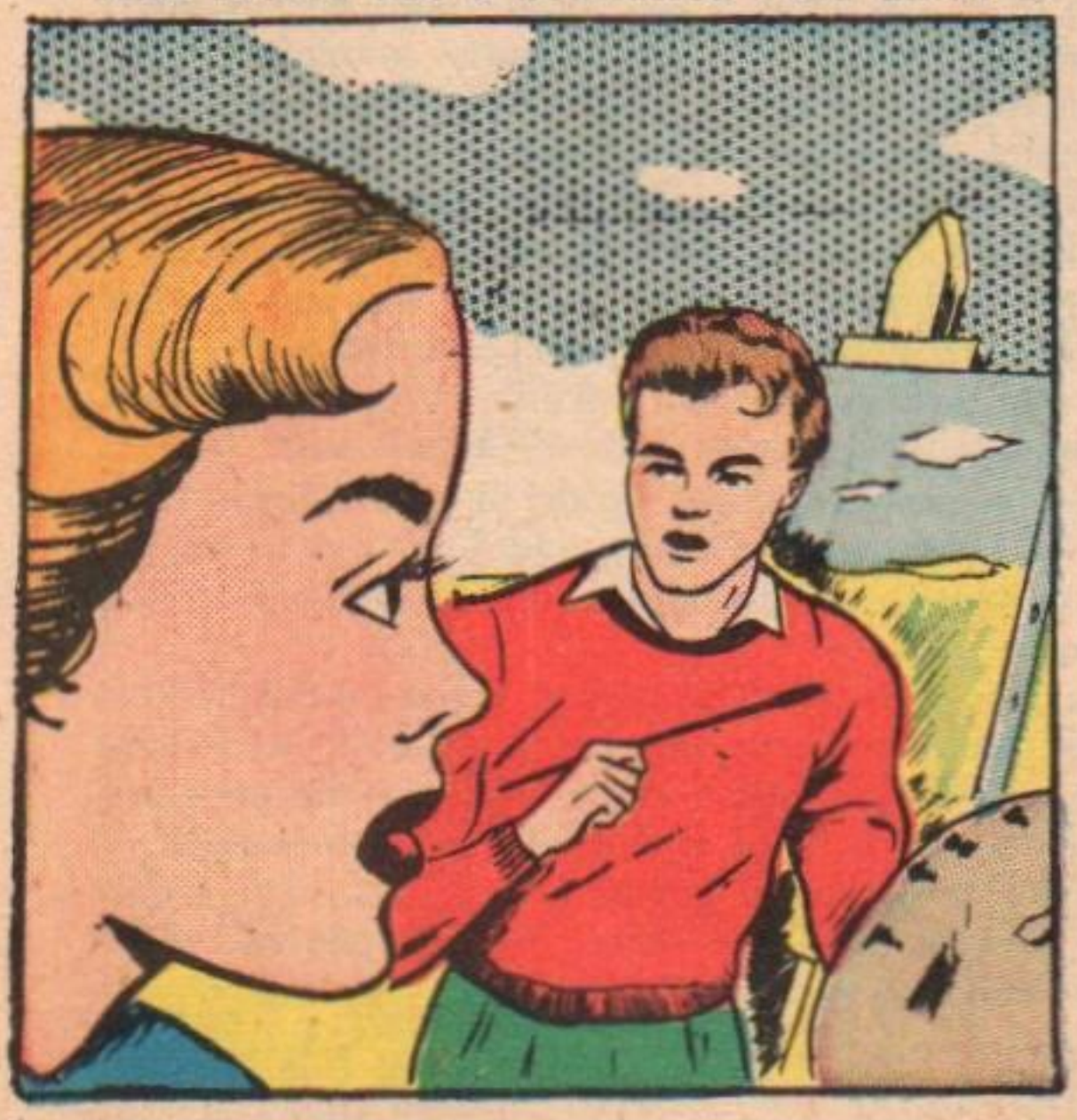
Mike's slab-like face flooded with a great enlightenment. He peered below, then back at the easel, and slowly a cloud seemed to be forming back of his eyes. He turned away, kicking idly at a pebble.

"It's nice to have you back, Candy," he said casually.

I gasped. Changing the subject, was he? Well, I wouldn't let him get away with that!

"The painting," I enunciated precisely, "of the rapids. What do you think of it?"

Mike looked like a bewildered child asked to



Hearing my step, Mike turned, shielding the painting with his body.

define the secret of the universe. He glanced at me out of the corner of his eye, then fixed his stare on his shoes and blurted out, "It's no good."

I sat down, stunned.

"It's no good," Mike continued, "because it lacks the feeling of the rapids, the wild, churning power, the . . ." He gestured, and his voice ground to a miserable silence.

The nerve of this character! "And what, Mr. Michael Morgan, do you know about painting?" I shot back acidly.

"Nothing," he admitted, fixing his eyes on the river below. "But I know the rapids."

There didn't seem to be much I could say to that, so I shut my paint box with an angry snap, folded the easel, and prepared to go home. A whole day's work had been ruined by this hulking, mutton-headed bully who didn't know a Matisse from a Picasso!

"Leaving? Let me carry your things," Mike volunteered.

"Thank you, Mike, but I can manage quite well!" Laden with equipment, I set off down the heights at an indignant trot. Behind me I could hear the heavy, somehow apologetic crunch of Mike's huge feet.

. . . Safe at home, I put my canvas up on the mantel and sat down to study it. Mentally I wasn't seeing the picture at all. Instead there floated before me Mike's puzzled, awkward face, and in my ears echoed his words of condemnation. "So he thinks it's no good," I sizzled. "Well, I know someone who'll think it's wonderful!"

With that thought I felt better, and began to look forward to the evening—for Rodney would be around at seven-thirty. Rodney would appreciate my art! Of that I was certain. He would take one look at the canvas and immediately perceive all the signs of youthful genius that were as obvious as sunshine. I even wished Mike could be around to hear the opinions of a person who really understood painting. Rodney would show him!

By seven-thirty, I had myself wound up to a high peak of intensity. Suppose Rodney didn't think much of the painting, either? I would be shattered. But utterly! However, I needn't have worried. Rodney, in his way, was reliable.

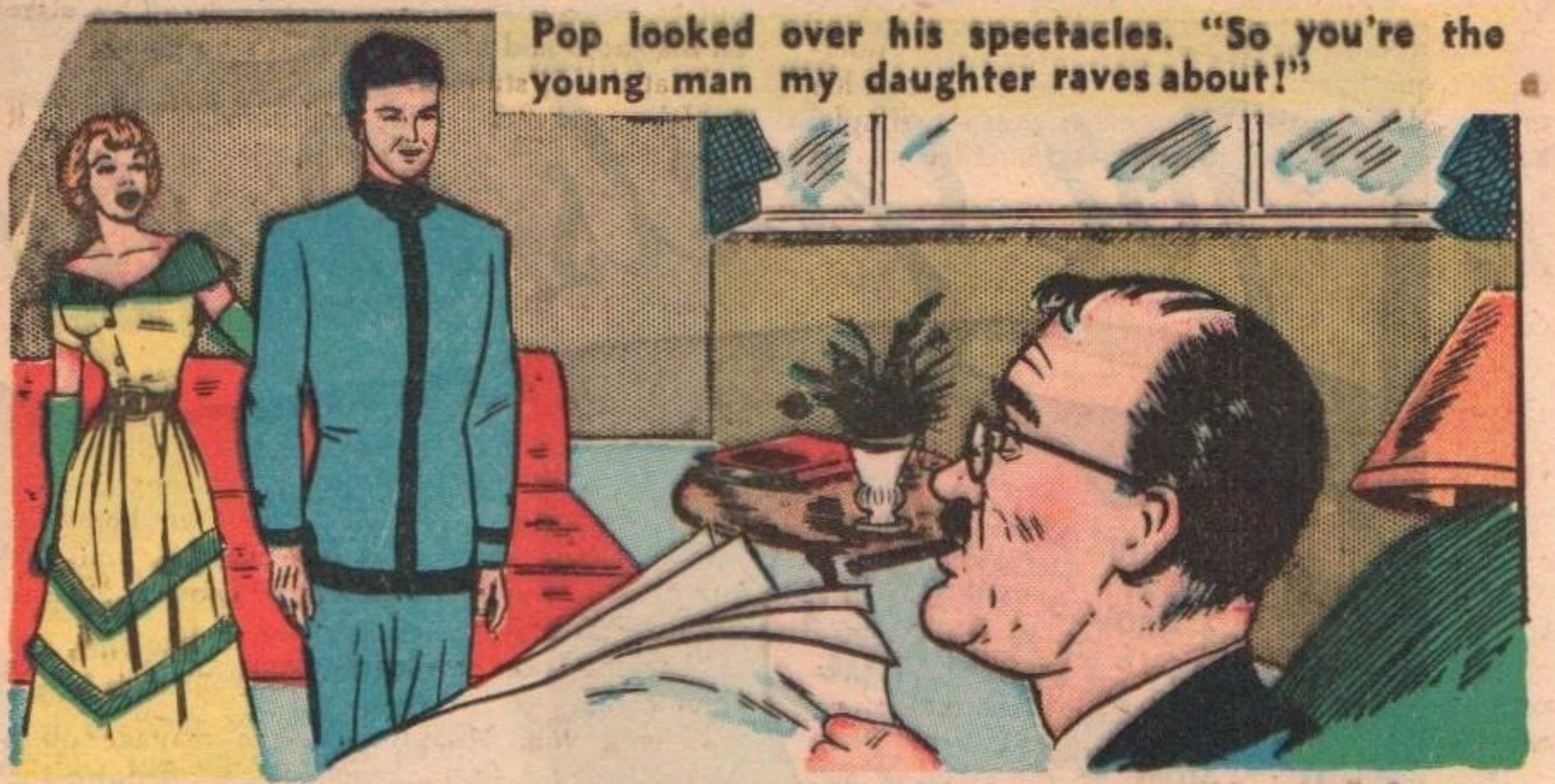
I almost didn't recognize the dream boy when he appeared at the front door. Something was missing. Then, immediately, I saw what it was. He was dressed in civies! It was the first time I'd seen Rodney without his cadet uniform, and I couldn't quite repress the shock it gave me. Frankly, without his uniform to prop him up, Rodney wasn't nearly as glamorous as I'd imagined.

Swallowing my surprise, I invited him in, made him close his eyes, and led him to the painting.

"Now tell me honestly, what you think," I instructed.

He opened his eyes, stared admiringly at the canvas, and began to babble compliments.

"Great sense of design . . . wonderful feeling for color . . . perspective is excellent . . . fine composition." He beamed at me. "In short, a beautiful painting!"



I nodded vaguely. I should have been satisfied, shouldn't I? He was telling me just what I had ached to hear. But somehow, I didn't believe a word he said. The more compliments he showered on the painting, the more I saw it for the wretched piece of work it was. Though I hated to admit it, I began to sense that Mike had been more than half right. It wasn't a painting of the rapids at all. It had no relation to the rapids. It was only a semiskilled job of daubing. I had missed completely.

Rodney was still rattling on. "This," he exclaimed impressively, "is the best thing you've done yet!"

"Do you think so?" I asked.

"Absolutely!"

"Then," my voice was small and humble, "I'm certainly not much of an artist!"

Rodney looked startled.

"Do you mind," I continued, "if we don't go out tonight? I don't feel much like it."

Five minutes later, Rodney was descending our front steps. I watched him leave without regret, and wondered what in the world I'd ever seen in him.

. . . Next afternoon I climbed up the heights again, a sketch pad under my arm. I'd done a lot of thinking the night before, and had resolved to draw and draw and *draw* those rapids until I got the feel of them. Then, perhaps, I could do a reasonably good job of interpreting them on canvas.

As I approached the crest, I caught sight of a broad back and what were unmistakably the hulking shoulders of Mike Morgan. His presence there was surprising enough, but what he was doing was positively astounding. With a palette hooked on one thumb, a brush clenched in his huge hand, and an easel propped before him, he was painting away with a grand zest!

Hearing my step, he turned, shielding the canvas with his body. On his face was an expression of mischievous guilt.

"Well!" I said.

He nodded meekly.

"I didn't know you could paint," I pointed out sternly.

"I didn't, either," he confessed. "You gave me the inspiration yesterday. You see," he continued slowly, "there's something about these rapids you missed entirely . . . and I felt, somehow, that I could express it!"

"Let's see what you've done."

"I'd rather not," he objected, still hiding the easel with his body.

"Is that fair?" I pouted. "Didn't I show you my painting?"

He shrugged like an unhappy elephant, and moved aside.

At first glance, his canvas looked like something a child does in kindergarten. It was crude and raw and utterly lacking in polish. But as you stared at it, its power began to strike you—a direct, overwhelming power that shouted in color and left you weak. I may not be much of a painter, but I know something good when I see it.

I shook my head. "Move over, Michelangelo," I said softly. "Make room for Mike Morgan!"

"Huh?" Mike looked at me, puzzled.

"I said, you're going to be a great painter, Mike. You have genius."

Mike smiled calmly, without excitement or flurry. And as I stared at him awe-stricken, I wondered once more how I could have been so mistaken about Mike. Just an overgrown, mutton-headed boy, kind-hearted and dull? Or was he, instead, a modest, unassuming person gifted with the talent I dreamed of and admired? As I looked again at his painting, I said humbly, "You were right yesterday, Mike. I'm sorry I took it so poorly."

Mike chuckled softly, forgivingly. "Remember I said I'd like to see a lot of you this summer? How about it? We could sketch and paint the whole countryside together."

I looked up into Mike's gentle, twinkling eyes, and my heart was in my voice when I spoke.

"I'd love to," I answered. THE END

For Girls Only!

WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND? WHAT'S ON YOUR HEART? SHOULD YOU GO STEADY OR SHOULD YOU PART? IS IT PUPPY LOVE OR IS IT REAL? IS HE A PRINCE OR MERELY A HEEL? IF YOU'RE CONFUSED, TELL ME HOW YOU FEEL...

Dear Polly,

I had a date with a swell fellow three weeks ago. We had a wonderful time, and when he said goodnight to me, he also said, "I'll call you." All this time has passed and I haven't seen or heard from him. What's the matter? Why doesn't he call me? T. F.

Dear T. F.,

The vague remark, "I'll call you," is nothing to save your Saturday nights for. If he'd said, "How about a movie on Thursday?" or, "May I see you next week?" you could climb up on the telephone table and wait. But many boys like to skim around and spread themselves thin over the available Joans. So sit tight—he didn't say when he'd call. He's probably the type that likes to leave himself plenty of room in which to move around, so if and when he does ring your number, be casual and unconcerned.

Dear Polly,

A boy who has a reputation as a "wolf" has asked me out. I like him a lot, but everyone says he's "too fast for me." Is it all right to go out with someone like that, and what is a wolf, anyway?

A. C.

Dear A. C.,

If you'll remember, Little Red Riding Hood couldn't tell a wolf from her grandmother, and I guess nowadays it's just as hard—except for the wave of comments they leave in their wake. We can safely call those comments a bad reputation. But opinions and remarks of others aren't always valid. So, if you want to be fair, A. C., you should judge this young "wolf" yourself.

Basically, a "wolf" is a fellow who does as he pleases and thinks nothing of hurting others. His attitude toward life can be summed up in these words: "So what?" To get what he wants, he'll put on a smooth exterior — but underneath, he has no consideration or respect for anyone or anything except his mighty self.

Now ask yourself these questions about the gentleman on trial. They should give you your answer. Would you be proud to introduce him to your parents? Is he nice to you, and does he appeal to you? Does he fit the above description of a "wolf?"

Love seldom knocks twice, so be on your toes. Tomorrow, the next day . . . one never knows! Will it be Gary, or Sandy, or Stan? On guard, girls, to win your man! What to do? What to say? If you don't know, write me today!

Personally yours,
Polly Parker

Dear Polly,

Tony and I have been going steady for nine months, and it's wonderful, and I know he likes me. But when we go out, he always comments on how pretty and how nicely dressed other girls are, but he never compliments me. This makes me furious and I don't know what to do about it. V. S.

Dear V. S.,

Why doesn't Tony compliment you on your appearance? He seems to appreciate girls who are well groomed and well dressed. (What man doesn't?) So wouldn't it follow that if you were in bandbox condition every time he saw you, you'd cash in on your share of the admiration, too? In fact, you'd probably have a monopoly!

Harness your temper and release it through your hairbrush, your fingernail file, your iron, your washcloth. And remember, going steady is no excuse to let yourself become sloppy and run down. If you want to hold Tony, stay as sparkling as you were on your first date!

Dear Polly,

My boy friend and I are both going away to different colleges. We're very much in love. He wants us to be engaged and not to date anyone else. Our schools are too far away to visit each other every weekend, and I think not dating would be silly. What do you think?

R. R. L.

Dear R. R. L.,

If you two are really in love, a casual date now and then with someone on campus will serve to enrich your relationship, rather than harm it. However, if you're not sure of your love for each other, it's vitally important that you circulate socially. Perhaps the more you date, the more you will realize that you were made for each other like toothbrush and paste. Or maybe you'll begin to see how much you miss when you deny yourselves the company of others . . .

Above all, don't make the mistake of binding yourselves with a dating taboo!

Send your letters in care of:

Polly Parker
Suite 1404
350 Fifth Avenue
New York 1, N. Y.

PATSY WALKER

THE PLACE'S REALLY BEGINNING TO SHAPE UP!

I HOPE SO! IT'S JUST GOT TO LOOK PERFECT!

BALLOONS

"THE STRANGE SURPRISE!"

5632

I WANT THIS TO BE THE NICEST SURPRISE PARTY BUZZ EVER HAD!

AFTER ALL, HE SPENDS HIS TIME AND MONEY ON ME ALL YEAR--SO I GUESS I OUGHT TO MAKE HIS BIRTHDAY PARTY A GOOD ONE!

HAVE YOU INVITED EVERYONE?

BE A MODERN '49er — BUY UNITED STATES SAVINGS BONDS

SURE! I EVEN INVITED MY ARCH RIVAL FOR BUZZ'S HEART!

OUCH! NOT *HER!*

YOU KNOW SHE'LL ONLY TRY TO MAKE TROUBLE!

OH, YOU KNOW HEDY ISN'T THAT BAD!

BESIDES, SINCE IT'S FOR BUZZ, I'M SURE SHE'LL BEHAVE! IT'S ME SHE DISLIKES!

OKAY! OKAY! BUT I STILL SMELL TROUBLE!

WELL, ALL FINISHED AT LAST!

I HOPE TAKING IT DOWN DOESN'T TAKE AS LONG AS PUTTING IT UP DID!

NOW, LET'S GO SEE BUZZ AND MAKE SURE HE'S COMING HERE TONIGHT!

REET!

MEANWHILE...

STRANGE! I'VE BEEN HERE ALL MORNING, AND NO ONE HAS COME IN TO CONGRATULATE ME YET!

AH! PATSY AND NANCY! HERE'S WHERE I GET SHOWERED WITH ATTENTION!

HELLO, BUZZ! GOSH, WHAT A DAY!

GRAND, ISN'T IT!

NO! I MEAN IT'S JUST TOO UTTERLY DULL AND BORING!

ME, TOO!

WELL, FOR SOME PEOPLE, TODAY MAY BE A VERY IMPORTANT DATE!

FOR SOME PEOPLE, BUT NOT FOR US!

COME ON, NANCY! LET'S GO HOME AND READ A BOOK OR SOMETHING!

YEAH! MAYBE WE CAN EVEN FIND A DECENT SOAP OPERA ON THE RADIO!

OH, BY THE WAY, BUZZ--DON'T FORGET TO DROP IN TONIGHT AND HELP ME WITH MY HISTORY HOMEWORK!

YEAH!

HA! HA! HA!

DID YOU SEE THE LOOK ON HIS FACE?

IT WAS PRECIOUS!

WILL HE BE SURPRISED!

DID YOU TWO JUST LOOK INTO A MIRROR, OR IS SOMETHING TICKLING YOU?

OH, HELLO, HEDY!

WE JUST HAD SOME FUN WITH BUZZ! HE WAS DYING TO HAVE US SAY "HAPPY BIRTHDAY," BUT WE MADE BELIEVE WE DIDN'T KNOW A THING!

HE LOOKED LIKE A LOST PUP!

HA, HA! THAT IS FUNNY!

DON'T FORGET TO KEEP THE GAG ROLLING! THAT'LL MAKE THE PARTY THAT MUCH MORE OF A SURPRISE!

I'LL KEEP IT ROLLING, ALL RIGHT--BUT THE LAUGHS WILL BE ON YOU, PATSY DEAR! HA, HA, HA!

HELLO, BUZZIE DEAR! CONGRATULATIONS--AND HAPPY BIRTHDAY!

GOSH, HEDY, THANKS FOR REMEMBERING!

HOW COULD I FORGET MY FAVORITE MAN'S BIRTHDAY?

SOME PEOPLE FOUND THAT PRETTY EASY TO DO--PATSY AND NANCY, FOR EXAMPLE!

YOU DON'T SAY! I CAN HARDLY BELIEVE IT!

AND AFTER ALL THE NICE THINGS YOU'VE DONE FOR PATSY-- ALL YEAR 'ROUND!

YOU NEVER FORGET *HER* BIRTHDAYS! YOU TAKE HER OUT, SPEND YOUR MONEY, GIVE GIFTS TO HER -- AND THIS IS THE THANKS YOU GET!

I FEEL LIKE A FOOL!

THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT PATSY'S TRYING TO MAKE OF YOU!

BUT I HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN YOU! I'VE PLANNED A LITTLE PARTY JUST FOR THE TWO OF US TONIGHT!

YOU'RE A TRUE FRIEND, HEDY! I'LL BE AT YOUR HOUSE AT 8:00!

DON'T FORGET, BUZZIE, DEAR!

THAT NIGHT...

EVERYONE'S HERE, PATSY!

SWELL! BUZZ SHOULD BE HERE ANY MINUTE!

MEANWHILE...

SAY, WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

I'M HAVING A VERY IMPORTANT PERSON OVER FOR A PRIVATE DINNER!

OH, I GET IT! GUESS I'LL DROP OVER TO THE CLUB FOR A WHILE!

THANKS, DADDY! YOU'RE *SO* UNDERSTANDING!

AND REMEMBER MY MOTTO, HEDY... "WHEN YOU THINK YOU'VE WON, THROW ONE EXTRA PUNCH TO MAKE SURE!"

BE A MODERN '49er — BUY UNITED STATES SAVINGS BONDS

HMMM... IN CASE BUZZ MIGHT CHANGE HIS MIND, I'LL TAKE DADDY'S ADVICE AND THROW MY *EXTRA* PUNCH RIGHT NOW!

OH, HELLO, HEDY! I WAS ABOUT TO LEAVE FOR YOUR HOUSE!

I JUST WANTED TO TELL YOU THAT PATSY TOLD ME IT DIDN'T MAKE MUCH DIFFERENCE TO HER *WHERE* YOU SPENT YOUR BIRTHDAY!

SO SHE DOESN'T CARE, EH? WELL, I'M JUST GOING TO DROP IN AN' TELL HER A THING OR TWO!

DRUGS

SURPRISE!

EVERYONE'S HERE EXCEPT HEDY! I WONDER WHAT HAPPENED TO HER?

I THINK I KNOW, BUT I'LL CALL HER TO MAKE SURE!

YOU AND YOUR ADVICE... **PHOOEY!**

?

SLAM!

THE END

AMERICA'S MOST THRILLING TALES OF ROMANCE...

LOVE TALES
LOVERS
BEST LOVE
MY OWN ROMANCE
LOVE ROMANCES
MY LOVE

LOOK FOR
MARVEL COMIC
THE MARVEL SEAL

BRAN BRAINSTORM . . .

To add a finishing touch for a leisurely Sunday breakfast, there is nothing like hot BRAN MUFFINS.

Sift together a cup of sifted whole wheat flour, 3 tablespoons brown sugar, ½ teaspoon baking soda, a teaspoon of baking powder and a teaspoon salt. Mix in 1 cup all-bran. Gradually stir in a cup of sour milk or buttermilk, then 1 well beaten egg and 2 tablespoons melted butter. If you like raisins, add a handful.

Pour into small greased muffin tins and bake in a hot oven for about 20 minutes, or until the edges are browned slightly. Serve hot, with plenty of butter.

It's all-bran, and it's all reet!

Stir until completely blended, and then drop by spoonfuls into deep fat to fry a golden brown. Serve very hot wrapped in a napkin.

EGGS BENEDICK . . .

You don't have to go to a ritzy restaurant to have this dish. It's easy to make and will please the man in your life at lunch someday!

Split and butter English muffins. Toast or heat them until they are warm and "drippy"—but not really crisp. Fry thin slices of ham or Canadian bacon and place them on the muffins.

While you're preparing the muffins and ham, be poaching eggs in rings. Slip the eggs onto the ham, pour Hollandaise sauce overall, and top with a dash of parsley or a slice of ripe olive.

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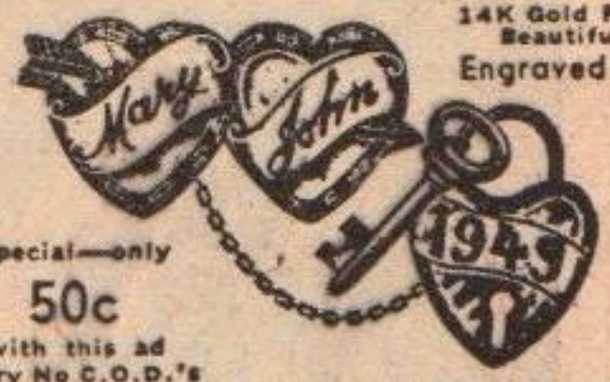

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WHIZZ QUIZZ

1 **Information, please! We'd like to know if the following statements concerning American history are true or false.**

1. John Adams is known as the "Father of our Country."
2. Patrick Henry said, "Give me liberty or give me death!"
3. The Boston Tea Party involved a group of American Indians.
4. Alexander Hamilton was killed by Aaron Burr.
5. Thomas Jefferson wrote the Monroe Doctrine.
6. The Louisiana Territory was acquired from Spain.
7. The Civil War started with an attack on Fort Sumter.
8. Abraham Lincoln was our second President.
9. George Washington delivered the Gettysburg Address.
10. Thomas Paine wrote the pamphlet *Common Sense*.

2 **The comedy teams listed below are responsible for miles of smiles. Try to unscramble them and give the comedians their correct partners.**

1. Laurel and Johnson
2. Abbott and Molly
3. Amos and Cobina
4. Lum and Costello
5. Mutt and Hardy
6. Fibber McGee and Harriet
7. Blondie and Andy
8. Ozzie and Abner
9. Olsen and Jeff
10. Brenda and Dagwood

Answers

ANSWERS TO 1: 1—false, 2—true, 3—false, 4—true, 5—false, 6—true, 7—true, 8—false, 9—false, 10—true.

ANSWERS TO 2: 1—Laurel and Hardy, 2—Abbott and Costello, 3—Amos and Andy, 4—Lum and Abner, 5—Mutt and Jeff, 6—Fibber McGee and Molly, 7—Blondie and Dagwood, 8—Ozzie and Harriet, 9—Olsen and Johnson, 10—Brenda and Cobina.

ANSWERS TO 3: 1—Spain, 2—Holland, 3—England, 4—Italy, 5—France, 6—Italy, 7—France, 8—United States, 9—Holland, 10—England.

3 **If you're interested in art, this quiz should be easy for you. . . . Simply jot down the countries which claim the great painters listed below.**

1. Goya
2. Van Dyck
3. Constable
4. da Vinci
5. Monet
6. Titian
7. Corot
8. Stuart
9. Rembrandt
10. Gainsborough

4 **Can you name the authors of these literary classics?**

1. Ivanhoe
2. Idylls of the King
3. Macbeth
4. Paradise Lost
5. Anna Karenina
6. The Rubaiyat
7. Tom Sawyer
8. The Scarlet Letter
9. David Copperfield
10. The Vicar of Wakefield

5 **Probably you haven't seen these interesting sights, but we're certain you've heard about them. Can you remember the countries in which they're located?**

1. The Blarney stone
2. The Parthenon
3. Big Ben
4. The Leaning Tower of Pisa
5. Eiffel Tower
6. Westminster Abbey
7. Taj Mahal
8. Niagara Falls
9. The Colosseum
10. The Cathedral of Notre Dame

ANSWERS TO 4: 1—Scott, 2—Tennyson, 3—Shakespeare, 4—Milton, 5—Tolstoy, 6—Omar Khayyam, 7—Mark Twain, 8—Hawthorne, 9—Dickens, 10—Oliver Goldsmith.

ANSWERS TO 5: 1—Ireland, 2—Greece, 3—England, 4—Italy, 5—France, 6—England, 7—India, 8—United States, 9—Italy, 10—France.

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(FROM A LETTER TO BETTY MEMPHIS SENT HER BY ETHEL JORDAN, DETROIT, MICH.)

If your face is broken out, if bad skin is making you miserable, here is how to stop worrying about pimples, blackheads and other externally caused skin troubles.

JUST FOLLOW SKIN DOCTOR'S SIMPLE DIRECTIONS

"I just want to be alone!" Is there anything more awful than the blues that come when your face is broken out and you feel like hiding away because of pimples, blackheads and similar externally caused skin troubles? I know how it feels from personal experience. And I can appreciate the wonderful, wonderful joy that Ethel S. Jordan felt when she found something that not only *promised* her relief—but *gave* it to her in just one short week!

When I was having my own skin troubles, I tried a good many cosmetics, ointments and whatnot that were recommended to me. I remember vividly how disappointed I felt each time, until I discovered the skin doctor's formula now known as the Double Viderm Treatment. I felt pretty wonderful when friends began to rave about my "movie-star skin." No more self-consciousness. No more having my friends feel sorry for me. The secret joy, again, of running my fingertips over a smoother, clearer skin.

Many women shut themselves out of the thrills of life—dates, romance, popularity, social and business success—only because sheer neglect has robbed them of the good looks, poise and feminine self-assurance which could so easily be theirs. Yes, everybody looks at your face. The beautiful complexion, which is yours for the asking, is like a permanent card of admission to all the good things of life that every woman craves. And it really can be yours —*take my word for it!*—no matter how discouraged you may be this very minute about those externally caused skin miseries.

A screen star's face is her fortune. That's why she makes it her business to protect her complexion against pimples, blackheads and blemishes. Your face is no different. Give it the Double Treatment it needs and watch those skin blemishes go away.

What Makes "Bad Skin" Get That Way?

Medical science gives us the truth about how skin blemishes usually develop. There are small specks of dust and dirt in the air all the time. When these get into the open pores in your skin, they can in time "stretch" the pores and make them large enough to pocket dirt particles, dust and infection. These open pores become infected and bring you the humiliation of pimples, blackheads or other blemishes. Often, the natural oils that lubricate your skin will harden in the pores and result in unsightly blemishes.

When you neglect your skin by not giving it the necessary care, you leave yourself wide open to externally caused skin miseries. Yet proper attention with the Double Viderm Treatment may mean the difference between enjoying the confidence a fine skin gives you or the embarrassment of an ugly, *un*beautiful skin that makes you want to hide your face.

The Double Viderm Treatment is a formula prescribed with amazing success by a dermatologist and costs you only a few cents daily. This treatment consists of two jars. One contains Viderm Skin Cleanser, a jelly-like formula which penetrates your pores and acts as an antiseptic. After you use this special Viderm Skin Cleanser, you simply apply the Viderm Fortified Medicated Skin Cream. You rub this in, leaving an almost invisible protective covering for the surface of your skin.

This double treatment has worked wonders for so many cases of external skin troubles that it may help you, too —*in fact, your money will be refunded if it doesn't.* Use it for only ten days. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose. It is a guaranteed treatment. Enjoy it. Your dream of a clearer, smoother complexion may come true in ten days or less.

Use your Double Viderm Treatment every day until your skin is smoother and clearer. Then use it only once a week to remove stale make-up and dirt specks that infect your pores, as well as to aid in healing external irritations. Remember that when you help prevent blackheads, you also help to prevent externally caused skin miseries and pimples.

Just mail your name and address to Betty Memphis, care of the New York Skin Laboratory, 206 Division Street, Dept. E-1, New York 2, N. Y. By return mail you will receive the doctor's directions, and both

jars, packed in a safety-sealed carton. On delivery, pay two dollars plus postage. If you wish, you can save the postage fee by mailing the two dollars with your letter. Then, if you are in any way dissatisfied, your money will be cheerfully refunded. To give you an idea of how fully tested and proven the Viderm Double Treatment is, it may interest you to know that, up to this month, over two hundred and thirty-one thousand women have ordered it on my recommendation. If you could only see the thousands of happy, grateful letters that have come to me as a result, you would know the joy this simple treatment can bring. And, think of it!—the treatment *must* work for you, or it doesn't cost you a cent.

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